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Polish revolt

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THE BIG THREE FIGHT BACK



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The U.S. action also forced actress Carol Lynley out of a role when the cast of *Charlie's Angels* took to the picket lines. Lynley worked with the union until it disbanded.

Page 39 / 100 Last updated: 2024-01-29

Back from the brink

Throughout the week Poland's
citizens were faced by what had
been an unthinkable nightmare—
a working class rebellion, and in the end it was the
police that gave **Free**

Cover Story

The Big Three Font Book

As the Big Three North American automakers roll out their brand-new small cars this fall—their fingers grasp on the future—they are riding on their only hope of recovering a downwardly tilted market caused by those silly Japanese imports and that stabbing oil crisis. For the auto workers none left off—more than a quarter of a million in the U.S. and 37,000 in Canada—a brighter future can come soon enough. Page 34

• Managing the risk

10

more movies that as broad products are

CONTENTS

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|----|---|----|
| Editorial | 3 | It's raining in Ireland | 4 |
| Backstage : La Paz | 4 | Washington's maximisation machine: the power of the electronic pupil | 20 |
| Profile : Brian C. Greggans | 6 | | |
| Profile : Gerald Durrell | 7 | Canada | 23 |
| A zoo keeper and other animals | | Humans vs. seals: Newfoundland fish make sex and the United Church. Athletes' prize birthday party: the Senate. Regatta: Lure | |
| Database : Perth | 19 | | |
| On the road to Neurankuthan | | | |
| This Canada | 12 | States | 30 |
| Chickens and feathers | | | |
| Letters | 16 | People | 30 |
| World | 17 | Sports | 32 |
| | | Hall of Fame at 25 | |

A Bolivian nightmare



By Mary Helen Spooner

The Bolivian regime of Gen. Luis García Meza came to power July 17 as a brutal military coup. It has never run nationally minded and suppressed opponents and expelled or arrested 25 foreign journalists. Mary Helen Spooner, a correspondent for *London's Financial Times*, the Economist and various American publications, was summoned for six days in a suffocating closet before being deported. This is her first full report of the experience.

The Bolivian government's problem it may attempt to seek redress in international courts against those who "defame" it and its policies and methods of rule. The coup was headed by Gen. Luis García Meza. This regime, which has been officially recognized by only a handful of foreign governments, is likely to receive little sympathetic reception of such claims, but I took special note since I was the victim of such charges during my arrest in La Paz, the capital.

On Wednesday, Aug. 6, I was arrested at my hotel by plainclothes officials from the Bolivian interior ministry. For nearly eight hours I was interrogated, harassed and threatened by officials who consider the interior minister himself, Col. Luis Avaro Glorioso, who had apparently ordered my arrest. The minister's chief of special operations, my first interrogator, angrily demanded to know why I was telling lies about his country and, as he became more enraged, asked me how I wanted to die. Gesturing toward the window, he asked how I'd like to be tossed several stories to the ground. Pointing to a pistol he carried in a shoulder holster, he added if I preferred bullets. Had I ever visited a plastic surgeon? Because I was going to need one now, he threatened. Next, a lower-ranking interior ministry employee took a statement from me: "I am going to try and help you," he said. "But if you do not tell them what they want to know they are going to force us to do it." A woman there were certain things that only happened to you.

I nodded, and he began typing up the statement, interspersing with such basic information as my passport number; the date I had entered the country and place of birth. A short time later I was taken to see Arce himself. Braiding at his side were a photographer and a reporter from *El Día*, a right-wing Bolivian newspaper known for its favorable stance toward military rule. "She is telling lies about Bolivia," Arce bellowed. The reporter began scribbling notes, the photographer snapped his camera at my face.

The day before, the would-be civilian president of Bolivia

is, Hernán Siles Zuazo, who had won a plurality of votes in the June 20 elections, had sent out a call for a civilian government in bidding to oppose the García Meza regime. His signed statement was distributed privately to anyone thought to be sympathetic to the cause. I had been given a copy by a contact with links to other dissident Bolivians who had gone underground since the July 17 coup.

Arce stared at me. Did I know where Siles Zuazo was hiding? "I didn't. What was the origin of the report on his clandestine situation?" Other journalists I met, without mentioning names, also claimed that these had probably been no communiqué from Siles Zuazo, that I and other foreign journalists had fabricated the story in an effort to discredit the government. I said nothing. There were more threats.

"We're going to cut off your hand," Arce announced.

On Thursday morning (Aug. 7), I was put into a storage closet, and was held there for 18 hours. I was alone, except for a single candle and hardly in strength because cracks in the floor I spent the next six days locked in this closet and was allowed out only to use the restroom. I was fed a diet of black coffee, rice, potatoes and meat, and never allowed to bathe or change clothes. Meanwhile, the government announced it would put me on trial for violations ranging from three to 15 years' imprisonment.

The country's sole military leaders had managed to convince themselves that another old cold-war metaphor even their own knew that the June 20 elections, which may have been the cleanest in Bolivian history, were fraudulent and that their seizure of power was necessary to save the country from anarchy, communism and a host of other evils. To this end, all Bolivians who had supported a return to civilian rule were potential subversives and had to be dealt with accordingly, they reasoned. But even if the regime managed to eliminate all potential opponents, its economic problems will eventually cause its downfall. Bolivia has a foreign debt estimated at \$3 billion, and most of its foreign financial backers have cut off aid.

I was finally released and spending a day in my regular hotel, was given a edition of *The Financial Times* and The *Times* (London) flew to La Paz from London. They read a surreptitious statement "answering the accusations" before the Bolivian press, in exchange for my release. There are very few foreign reporters left in Bolivia, and their actions are more carefully scrutinized than ever before. It is unlikely that most of the activities of Siles Zuazo and other opposition leaders within Bolivia will reach the outside world, at least for the moment. Meanwhile, the massive roundup of prisoners, including the 29-year-old niece of the Archbishop of La Paz, goes on. Bolivia, which just two months ago was on the verge of becoming another of the young democracies in South America, is now the region's Uganda.



García Meza: "We're going to cut off your head."



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Beware the hidden persuaders

By Brian C. Greggson

I noted the other day that Dominion Dairies Limited had not bowed to a campaign of public protest by the New Brunswick Advisory Council on the Status of Women. The council, it seemed, had promotional material for the firm's flavored milk product called Super 2, which was offensive and sexist. It's ad featured two-age girls in bikinis and a poster showed a young girl in a T-shirt peeing with the product name. The council wrote letters to Dominion Dairies and the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board, with copies to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission and local media. It also arranged for radio and television interviews in English and French to get stories its viewpoint. Other media and wire services picked up the story, and Dominion Dairies could only and agreed to let us withdraw the promotional material from TV.

Women power, however, by the New Brunswick council is one example of an all-too-visible phenomenon—the voluntary and increasingly sophisticated use of publicity and propaganda techniques by all manner of people, organizations and causes.

There is recognition that events make news—“So, let’s stage an event”—and awareness of different media needs—“If we want television coverage, we had better hold them there in the day.” Formulas on picture content such as pretty girls, children and animals have been tested. Hence the pictures of the day at which the revealation in *The Globe and Mail* revealed of a four-year-old girl entering a place that said DEATH FOR CHILD SIN KILLERS.

As a public relations man who sometimes pursues media publicity for his clients, I watch this phenomena with interest. Both in my professional capacity and as a person it amuses me in a number of different reactions because, amazement, admiration, amazement and shock, sometimes even horror.

The horde, of course, comes from the repetition in so much of this activity. It’s “Moral, sex, money, do it as worked for them, it will work for us.” Think goodness for the occasional publicity effort that is at least unusual. I recall, for instance, the late magazine who, threatened with criticism, recruited Broadcast House in London with sedate renditions of Brains and Brevity.

The anomalies, I must admit, is generally a subjective reaction to the names involved. For example, there are the strident voices of groups like the feminists and homosexuals. They have adopted high public profile and tried to make themselves look like martyrs in the cause of the weak or the minority. Women, I think, have had a real deal going. Green, and homosexual. I believe, deserve to be treated like the rest of us, no different. But the first group has been responsible for introducing bizarre words such as chaperone and the strange prefix Ms. with the

sweat has robbed my vocabulary of a perfectly good and charming word.

I shudder when the media allows itself to be used in dubious ways, even if it’s for very good cause! A few weeks ago I saw TV news coverage of people on a union picket line holding bees on the road outside their plant. However legitimate these grievances, I didn’t agree at all with the interviewing which was certainly ambiguous! And I disapproved of the TV station that covered this sketchy event.

I’m horrified when I see undue coverage of terrorist activities. There have been times when the media, in effect, have provided platforms for the terrorists. I’m particularly horrified when prominent radio and TV journalists try to exploit loaded situations with questions intended to fix any themes they find.

So-called media people cannot the exposures they give to questionable organizations—ever, saying they provide a “safety valve.” In other words, if they did not give some exposure, then the people in organizations concerned might seek more extreme methods for getting attention. This may be so. But as the principle of “monkey sees, monkey does,” it is also quite likely that the news coverage will pass into other people’s minds—sometimes in ways that are not good.

Take it or not, the media—printed electronic—should understand that they have enormous influence on their audience. They are examples who set standards, who lead, who stimulate and who model values. It’s a heavy responsibility which rests not merely with the management and owners of our media, but with the individuals—reporters, photographers, due reporters, columnists, editorial writers, producers—who are accountable for content and presentation.

I don’t for a moment suggest that the use of publicity techniques is going to diminish. I may only hope the practitioners will become more courageous, yet perhaps find time to do a little studying. Particularly for people with causes, I recommend they try to reach inside the minds of the truly original thinkers who have led and inspired some great movements. Let them study, for example, Mahatma Karananda Gandhi, the father of nonviolent civil disobedience. His march to the sea in 1930 to make salt in defiance of India’s British rulers was a magnificent gesture which stirred the blood of millions of his countrymen.

Sometimes people become so obsessed with the artifice of creating publicity that they fail to see that they are trying to do it in public recognition and support—to show off, to gain attention or to demonstrate the importance of their cause. I often reflect a quotation from Adela Stevenson: “He who flatters flattered a speech,” and Stevenson, “the people remembered as how well he spoke. But when Ben Hurres had spoken the people cried out, ‘When do we start?’”

Brian C. Greggson is a Toronto public relations consultant.



I’m shocked when the media offer themselves to be used.

Profile: Gerald Durrell

A passionate zoo keeper and other animals

By Mark Abby

Gerald Durrell is a passionate man. He is the author of more than 30 books, most of them dedicated by animal, most of them best sellers. Two of his books describe the Jersey Zoo which he founded and presides over as the “greatest of all zoos.” Called the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, it aims to help rebuild breeding stocks of rare species of wild life and, wherever possible, to reintroduce groups of these animals to nature. In the past three years more than 200 Jamaican boas have been born there—probably a larger number than remain in the wild. The roar of an Indian lion and the delicate song of a lemur fill the air. Almost wistfully, Durrell is saying that “there’s nothing from Oceania, so greatly endangered of becoming extinct that we would have to cope with it here.” The Trust, like Leopold, is a last resort.

To keep it functioning in an era of fierce inflation, Durrell has recently

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Durrell and friend: calls of dying species

launched an international fund-raising campaign designed to ensure that no animal in his care disappears for financial reasons—Save Animals From Extinction, or SAFA.

Nowadays he divides his time among Jersey, worldwide travel, fund-raising and a house in southern France—the house where his brother Larry wrote the *Alouette* Quartet. Durrell, 55, is divorced from his first wife, but he married Lee Wilson McGaugh, 38, a hausseuse from Tennessee whom he calls "honey" and treats with unabashed affection. "I have to keep charring away the old books," he says grinning at her merrily. "Between her manager and my wife, everybody's breathing down my neck. To write a book I've got

end currency." You go to a bazaar in England and you see a frogster standing there. Do you know who it's called that?" Because they thought that a fox would put one of those in its foot and run without alert? It's a beautiful furrier, a marvelous thing to have around you. And it helps if you're suffering from heart failure. But even if you weren't dying of heart failure, you should look at it—and be thankful."

Durrell has been giving thanks for wild things almost since his birth in India in 1925. "My father was a civil engineer—he built some of the best bridges in the Great White Ray—and he died when I was 2. I have only one mem-

ory pack away a hell of a lot into six years—the most vivid portion of my whole life." He has written three books about that time, including the delightful classic *My Family and Other Animals*, and there may be more to come.

As a young man he worked as a zoologist near London, then moved up his private ambitions on three animal-collecting expeditions to the tropics. The need to finance further expeditions drove him to write, a suggestion first put forward by Larry. "He was delighted at my success; he's always encouraged me always backed me up. He gets an immensely well."

He soon tired of collecting animals

mention the word"—Toronto, you lose all sense of purpose! I do believe we have contributed more to conservation than they have, with all their trumpeting and their spending of vast sums of money. In recognition of less work, Yale University awarded him an honorary degree in 1987.

Durrell's attitude to human society is that of a worried butler. "I'm not a good person for writing street novels, because, you know, I'm not interested in people who are better than me [I hate] that awful, basically dark inferiority that people carry round with them like a wounded woodcock, always wanting to be a pheasant."

He laughs easily and has the knock of making others laugh with him. But his mood can change as rapidly as April weather. When asked why anyone should bother about the fate of the Rodriguez fruit bat at the Batavia farm, his blue eyes flash with anger. "What you are saying is to me, 'What care we for them?' Is it not possible for mankind to exist in the world without being of use to us?" If I want to, I'll build a house on the head—but an arrogant attitude! Every time that f***ing little paper published, we have got it in our heads that everything exists for us." One of Durrell's most impassioned plans for conservation, the Shasany Ark, is prefaced by a verse from Genesis in which God tells Adam and Eve to subdue the earth and have dominion over all living things. It is one of the few instructions that human beings have obeyed with enthusiasm.

Durrell is impatient that our time is short. "It is the next 30 years the amount of time and money that are now expended upon politics and similar activities of the human race, which bear no relation to life, were expended upon conservation, we would still have a very poverty-stricken world but we will have a world. Otherwise we will have no world. We can't exist without trees and animals. We simply can't exist!" He is speaking about yesterday, with the departed air of a man whose people like to live and like to dominate. Then he chuckles. "For 30 years I had, for human society, a very bad life. I've been very, very privileged. But that is a very selfish attitude to live it up in the south of France and to say my son doesn't care what's going on."

Today Durrell does his neck, ron-and-blackcurrant juice turn sanguine and ugly. "We've just discovered that the

armadillo will help in our legacy. Those racing chevrons for the armadillo. So now he's got 1 Chap. So we might save him, for a world that's already as grisly with overpopulation that it isn't true." Durrell receives a special sum for the suggestion that people in the Third World might not be able to afford to conserve wildlife. "They can't eat them," he says. "The world—I mean the world—was created by people with little ingenuity in a age of men who want to make people feel inferior, in my view, a phrase like that. It's all one world, isn't it?" His beard quivers with indignation and he turns a look at his wife. "Tom is good flight today, aren't I?" He smiles his last point, that conservation and the advancement of a nosy arachnid are hand in hand.

In the blink of an eye, his expression changes from a poet's to an apothecary's. Glances upon at his wife in one of his characteristic, somewhat changes of attitude and mood. "The world—1 can't afford it. It was created by people with little ingenuity in a age of men who want to make people feel inferior, in my view, a phrase like that. It's all one world, isn't it?" His beard quivers with



Durrell, and some of his exotic
a will who's happy to be photographed

so get free at entry, rather notionally squared on a wheel!"

With a quip for all occasions and an almost total lack of reticence, Durrell is a pantomime's dream. A grumpy lion could, for example, be antagonistic, might not have been accomplished much. The pale grey pens of his bonds have had the best of him. In advancing age, and a postcolonial self-sufficiency, his love of fast food (including vest, prawn and version)—but it's a wonder to suppose that an amateur vet and a pugnacious son up Gerald Durrell! He is a sensitive, unpredictable man whose love of the natural world goes beyond biology;

more of him of getting involved with him and his telling us a story about the three years. An animal story, of course. After his father's death, the family moved reluctantly to England, and the author's first share came of road Jersey. The early years were a constant battle for survival, but today the Trust has more than 15,000 members, some 800 of them in Canada. "The important thing I've done in my life is in the service of this place. But I've done it very silly. If I hadn't had the absolutely vicious blocking of my leadership, I couldn't have done it. We've only taken one sensible footstep. I want this place to be small but perfect if you get too big, like the London Zoo or—dare I

suspect? to imagined or other people's zoos, and after a long argument founded on our, mortgages, our fathers and the animals, we share ours of road Jersey. The early years were a constant battle for survival, but today the Trust has more than 15,000 members, some 800 of them in Canada. "The important thing I've done in my life is in the service of this place. But I've done it very silly. If I hadn't had the absolutely vicious blocking of my leadership, I couldn't have done it. We've only taken one sensible footstep. I want this place to be small but perfect if you get too big, like the London Zoo or—dare I

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On the road to Noonkanbah

By Philip Gresham

WHEN the 32 nomadic semi-trailer drivers set out early in August, they wore false heads and had substitute registration plates fitted to their vehicles. Their job was to transport a gang of rig 1200 km up the dusty North West Coastal Highway, over countless hours of shimmering sandflies and gnat flies, from Perth to an aboriginal station in the remote Kimberley Branches of North Western Australia.

The reason for the disguises, and the \$4,500 paycheque handed to each driver, was that the Transport Workers Union had blacklisted the convoy. The union supports the ban on coal used by Noonkanbah aborigines against drilling by Asian Petroleum with the permission of the West Australian government. The drilling site lies on the 16 km of Pug Bay, under which the aborigines believe no less than the Great Goddess Spirit of their Dreamtime, the spiritual guardian of the land and people.

Apart from a short-lived gold rush in the 1890s the Kimberley Branch has been left to graziers and neophyte aborigines. Four times the size of England, the Kimberley Branch is inhabited by less than 15,000 people. It is the last stronghold in the western half of the continent of the aboriginal people, who now number about 70,000. But white man's need - and greed - has disturbed the peace of the land. The harbinger of the disruption were the prospectors who brought back tales of oil and diamonds from the bush to their masters, the big international exploration consortiums. It was the prospect of an oil find that made West Australian Premier Sir Charles Court and his right-wing Liberal government decide to go ahead with drilling on Noonkanbah without the consent of its 180 residents. After prolonged negotiations, Sir Charles admitted being patient. He was still ready to talk to aborigines from Noonkanbah about other issues, he said, but not to outsiders who had been bargaining and stirring them up.

While the convoy drivers were being recruited early last month - in native states, the unions claimed - the Western



Canoe carrying canoe on heads to Kimberley while men in need and greed

Australian State government embarked on what can only be described as a campaign of vilification of the aborigines. "It brought maps from journal and impartial sources alike," said The Melbourne Age's correspondent in Perth, Robert Dafford. There were new attacks from pro-government newspapers almost every day. The aborigines had Ian macEachan said, that were alcoholics who not only drink and play cards (a gambling game with cards) No wonder that he, the author of the original oil strike, was producing a High Noon at Noonkanbah. At the end of the search, flat with India's oilmen moved behind the aborigines it was doubtful whether the sector would reach the aboriginal station. Universities and aboriginal mounted police horses and roadblocks at creeks, bridges and turn-offs along the route. With police cars up front and motorcycle outriders escorting, the convoy had no trouble breaking through the obstacles, small, without slowing down from its running speed of about 80 km/h. About an dozen officials were arrested for obstructing the road but only one did the native bush, apart from overnight stops. That occurred at Tabba Tabba Creek bridge, 30 km east of Port Hedland, where 16 aborigines staged a sit-down protest and the police had not quite finished removing them when the convoy arrived. It was on its way again in four minutes.

The unions and aborigines made their last stand on a dry creek bed on the Noonkanbah access road, a desolate stretch from the homestead. Against police, emerging from 30 cars, drivers then while gunners pointed anti-aircraft guns at the road. Some 20 people, including Dr Uniting Church clergy, were arrested.

The war was not clear for a century to enter the fenced-off drilling con-



Rum that reflects your good taste.

Chicken one day, feathers the next

By Marni Jackson

Barry Korsak is a professional bull-rider from the small Prairie town (pop. 300) of Biggar, Alta. At home, Korsak duals a few cattle and horses, but for the past four months he's been travelling to rodeos in a white Ford pickup truck with two energy drink cans and a well-cracked windshield.

He's doing very well, and if he took home one of that, he'd be lucky. Canadian barrel-champ Steve Dugdale of Turner Valley, Alta., made \$10,000 in rodeos last year but he spent \$20,000 making it. It makes you wonder who they eat in the first place. But it's an individual sport with a family spirit, and a high premium placed on having a good time. "It's you took a bunch of your



hoping to qualify for the Canadian Pro Rodeo in Edmonton this November. Although it's his first year on a pro, he's been doing well, picking up \$900 and a silver tray at the Medicine Hat Rodeo alone. Still, he hasn't had time to use Urban's cowboy hat and it was news to him that beaded moccasins and fringed buckskin jackets were hot items in Manhattan and Toronto. Or that the bars east of Manitoba would soon be filled with folk dressed like cowboys and Indians wearing bermuda shorts and perfumes and soap. At the age of 30, Korsak is a real cowboy, and what he wants to do now is earn more money.

"It takes a certain kind of fear to ride," says Korsak, "well, never fear, he says. "I've won a long dollar sum from those other professionals—the Dallas Cowboys. If he earned \$10,000 he would

friends," explained Thurlow, "and you were all going down the road roping what you were down, well, that would be like rodeo." Besides which, Korsak added, "there's nothing like the feeling you get when you win."

Behind the chutes at the Medicine Hat Rodeo and Stampede grounds, Korsak joins the other cowboys waiting for their turn to compete again. There is no such thing as a curtain up in the arena world; there's no time to take a break, no time to sit down, no time to change clothes or the horse.

At the far end of the arena, the horse wranglers are getting their stirrups sorted right, and the half-orders mark their horses with a few marks on the tail, neck, ears, other fresh laces and fractures in their hair. They put several strips of adhesive tape around those others, frayed braids on their knees and none of them don't mind admitting that they're superstitious, no lie,

butts and so hats on the bed. They have names like Waz, Wilf and Diane, and they come from towns called Moorcroft, Pekisko, Diagonal and Driffield, Alta. They ride horses called Knott Inn, Hard Twist and Big Red, or bulls named Flagger, Bonny, Dorow and Dex Drop. Rodeo stock are stars, too—as well as the man who supplies a rooster with animals, the stock contractor.

At the Medicine Hat Rodeo, the contractor is Ben Kehler, a big, silver-haired man with a fair for the theatrical. "When Bobbi Dyer is to hogtie, like 'Wester' is to rodeo," says Korsak, "he comes up with his rodeo, stretching and stretching his right hand. Kehler is behind the chutes, strapping up and does a giving orders: 'Move him up, turn that, easier around.' He walks to a cowboy trying to get a horse pointed into the chute. 'And don't give him any more or he'll turn on ya... don't kiss around, shut that gate, Greg, for God's sake, and hand me that wire... I thought I was running a rodeo here, not a God-damn drive-in movie show...' Then Kehler issues a full-rider out in the arena, being chased in one of his toads: 'Hey, Dereck,' he calls, right across the arena. 'You're supposed to ride a bull, not the front!' He laughs, brashly announced, and slaps his cowboy hat against his legs.

Beside him, the nervous young wrangler waiting to get the damn cattle in a fence, mutters almost: "What are you smiling at? get on that saddle and ride low," says Kehler, whose grubstake is used to be mostly for show. The rokoko jeans his hot damn hand, attaches his teeth, nods his head and the gate-swingingers. The idea is to sit on top of this rough beast for eight seconds, spurring high above the horse's shoulders and holding on to the bridle rope with one hand.

The eight seconds run out, the air turns smoke and a "pick-up men," Gérard Shuey, moves in to help the rider who swings down onto the ground looking short, pleased and pale. He walks back toward the gate, brushing the dust out of his black cowboy hat. The crowd applauds his safe ride, cheering that one, halfback rider Gene Miller had evaded his vertebrae snapping out of the chute.

In the dark arena behind the chutes, the horse wranglers are getting their stirrups sorted right, and the half-orders mark their horses with a few marks on the tail, neck, ears, other fresh laces and fractures in their hair. They put several strips of adhesive tape around those others, frayed braids on their knees and none of them don't mind admitting that they're superstitious, no lie,

Rodeo: trapped in barrel-racing cycle



Korsak (above), pick-up men add to rodeo after: "It takes a certain kind of fear"



Tying riding arm (below): Kehler spurs



the most disability claims, drawing on a fund set up by the Canadian Rodeo Casting Association. But bringing an accelerating steer to a full stop is placing the arena with feet, as steer wrestlers do, can be mighty hard on the knees.

A bull called Three Big Loop comes into the chute, and Korsak lights down quick on his back. Wearing a heavy leather glove on one hand, he stretches himself to the bull, ending up with two wrangs around his wrist. Then he banishes his shoulders, tenses his arms and his legs, and lets go. His foot goes to the saddle and a side rein, the halfback-tethered. Down "Shady" Russell does his job, deflecting the animal away from the grounded rider so that the horns go one way, and the cowboy the other.

The next day, Korsak is on his way to another rodeo in Lethbridge, Alta., east of Edmonton. In rodeo the emphasis falls on "the road." It's a five-hour drive on a nearly straight line and the highway is as smooth as the Blue Mountain. On the dashboard is a package of Copenhagen snuff, a map of the south-western United States and a back issue of *Western*. "No sense," he says, "a traveling buddy left those there." He has both feet on the accelerator, car cruised over the other.

"Dale Rose, now he was a real cowboy," says Korsak. "He used to ride halfbills smoking a fine cigar and wearing a white shirt with a tie." Alreday, Korsak has a small star on his temple. "I got hooked on the rodeos in Peoria," he says, "but not bad." If he makes the finals, if his luck keeps up, he may even make it to the National Posse Rodeo in Glendale, Calif., December, where the world's top cowboys compete.

In high summer, rodeo cowboys compete in up to seven or eight rodeos a month, staying clean, driving all night, eating sandwiches (or burritos) and under a great deal of heat-from solar, especially. They have to plan far in advance to see what bronc or bull they've got up and pay an entry fee to compete. And after all that, they may come home in the red. But next season, most of them are back.

Unlike team sports, rodeo allows for some individual assessments of gility, and unlike most pro sports, the competition has not yet edged out the amateur. "It's probably the only sport where the same guy you're competing against will tell you, 'I'm better than you are,'" says Bill Holand, a horse-rider from Sarnia, Ont., RC.

But, perhaps because rodeo is in the West and the media are based in the East, the sport lacks big money and television coverage, which would lift the public in on the subtleties of rodeo—

Letters

Ready for takeoff

In his article *Can Rogers Run America?* (World, July 21), William Seeler referred to the "inept, mid-term urban cockpit of Detroit," where the Republican convention was held. As a U.S. citizen and now as a naturalized Canadian citizen living in Southwestern Ontario, I resent Mr. Seeler's 10-year-old labeling of Detroit. Granted, it is not without problems, what with Serbia Americans like my Mayor Coleman Young has brought Detroit out of the depths to a sense of respectability and to a true resurgence.

RONNIE RADOUX, CHATHAM, ONT

As a Canadian living in the United States, I enjoy the authoritative coverage of world events from the Canadian point of view provided by *Maclean's*. However, on the Contents page of your July 21 issue there is a summary of the Ronald Reagan cover story that was incorrect. Ronald Reagan cannot be the first challenger in U.S. history to defeat an incumbent president. Several U.S. presidential incumbents have been defeated: the first was John Adams, second U.S. president, and defeated by Thomas Jefferson, the latest was Gerald Ford, defeated by Jimmy Carter.

EDWARD HENRY DEGRASSE,
NORTH CAROLINA

A belt on safety

Andrew Weir's article *The Smaller They Are, the More Often They Fall* (Transportation, July 21) was, in my opinion, distorted and one-sided. While no one in aviation is proud of the small-aircraft accident record, the fact is that light-plane flying can become the safest and the most rewarding form of trans-

BILL PEPPER, EDITOR,
CANADIAN FLIGHT REVIEW



The competing Rogers, Money and Ronald 10-year-old labeling of Detroit

portation aviation is less than a century old and in itself is not inherently dangerous. But in an even greater degree than the sea, it is terribly unkind of any carelessness, inaptitude or negligence. Small airplanes are becoming safer and the new environment in which they will operate will have many more safety features. As a panel of experts, the U.S. National Transportation Safety Council calculates that, as a basis of passenger miles travelled, small aircraft accounted for 16 deaths per 100 million passenger miles while the corresponding figure for motorcars was 30.

GREGORY CRAVEN, CRETWYN, B.C.

As a pilot of 21 years, I think Andrew Weir's article on transportation was total garbage.

JACK DODSON,
OBERLIN, OHIO

Dome, sweet Dome

An Astoria resident writes in an anonymous manner for 27 years. I am concerned by the presentation on northern developments in Douglas' column *Why Not?* Solutions (Environment, July 21). Petroleum exploration has been going on in the Beaufort area for 20 years and has been off-shore for four years. It is the most researched and regulated exploration program in Canada and possibly the entire world. Two years before any Beaufort drilling there was a \$15-million baseline research study carried out by government and paid for by industry. This research, including much on possible oil spills, has convinced me that Dome being "caught for failing to report 22 minor oil spills in 1979" is not in context, in my opinion.

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Silence, please

Although an informative and timely piece of journalism, David Livingstone's article, *When Machines Get Human* (Art, June 28), detracted from itself at the outset by its use of a pejorative stereotype—"one of those prime-faced public librarians." As a university librarian, I thought it offended my colleagues in public libraries which the author seems to have singled out. Furthermore, today's public librarians in anywhere, Canada, could just as easily be a prime-faced male. The derogatory defense groups used in this article, so strong terminology for a staged and orchestrated protest. I personally consider it unnecessary to bring up such a family and weak argument. This thoughtlessly overlooks that one librarian in thousands with the nonsequential "Mrs." of *Hawthorne* at some time will respond to Mr. Livingstone's comment.

MARY JACKSON, KINGSTON, ONT

Backslap in the U.S.S.A.

Barbara Amiel's review and tribute to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is the most refreshing such article I have read in a long time. In the U.S.A., Books, July 14, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has not changed, he is proving to be the rock upon which the American critics have broken themselves and will imbibe his objectives and honesty are self-evident. Thanks to Barbara Amiel for reasserting this truth.

GREGORY CRAVEN, CRETWYN, B.C.

THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1985 Miss Wilson, Edmonton
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- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1975 Don Yochum, Montreal
- 1973 Claude Turner, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1978 Ben Zemansky, Hamilton
- 1976 Dave Ferrini, Edmonton
- 1977 Al Keay, Edmonton
- 1976 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1975 Jim Carroll, Toronto
- 1974 John Holton, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1979 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
- 1978 Joe Puskash, Winnipeg
- 1977 Mike O'Keefe, B.C.
- 1976 Steve Scarsella, B.C.
- 1975 Tom Cresswell, Ottawa
- 1974 Tom Cresswell, Toronto
- 1973 Jim Rydberg, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1979 Ross French, Edmonton
- 1978 Tony Gobbi, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Lanni, Ottawa
- 1976 Steve Scarsella, B.C.
- 1975 Gary Orton, Ottawa
- 1974 Terry Evansham, Montreal
- 1973 Tom Cresswell, B.C.
- 1972 Tom Cresswell, Ottawa
- 1971 Ken McLean, Winnipeg
- 1967 Terry Stenhouse, Calgary
- 1966 Steve Johnson, Ottawa
- 1965 Bill Simons, Toronto
- 1967 Peter Lake, Calgary
- 1965 Paul Jackson, Ottawa
- 1963 Gordie Howe, Saskatchewan
- 1962 Louie Colours, Calgary
- 1963 Russ Johnson, Ottawa
- 1962 George Olson, Montreal
- 1961 Bernie Palevsky, Montreal
- 1960 Jim Denehy, Montreal
- 1959 Johnny Bright, Edmonton
- 1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1957 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1956 Jim Patterson, Montreal
- 1955 Jim Patterson, Montreal
- 1953 Dale McIntosh, Edmonton
- 1952 Billy Wristers, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

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- 1972 John Holton, Calgary
- 1971 Wayne Barnes, Calgary
- 1970 Wayne Barnes, Calgary
- 1969 Jim Patterson, Edmonton
- 1968 Ken Lehman, Ottawa
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- 1966 Wayne Barnes, Calgary
- 1965 Wayne Barnes, Calgary
- 1964 Tom Cresswell, Hamilton
- 1963 Steve Johnson, Ottawa
- 1962 Harry Wyke, Calgary
- 1961 Tom Patterson, Calgary
- 1960 Ross Stewart, Ottawa
- 1959 Steve Johnson, Ottawa
- 1958 Ross Stewart, Ottawa
- 1957 Gerry James, Winnipeg
- 1956 Normie Kusung, Edmonton
- 1955 Normie Kusung, Edmonton
- 1954 Gerry James, Winnipeg



Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 101 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5B 1Z8

In the business of labor

In the past 12 years, the Canadian labor scene has changed so much, have just trade unions is a percentage fewer than that of men. This has best their demands a real tributary, as men in strikes by the other workers such as the miners 1974 were workers' strike at Pless Manufacturing, says Celia. But, as well as by high inflation workers—a strike at Toronto's York University over pay and personnel arrives the same year made it possible for a worker to refuse to work longer for a boss. Eight years in the Vancouver area also men and women are on strike against Kresson truck manufacturing company in order to get equal pay for work of equal value. The union's most recent strike is in Fredericton.

Madeleine Parent has played a key role in strengthening the women's labor movement, beginning 20 years ago as organizer in Quebec textile mills. Now an honorary member of the Canadian Textile and Chemical Union (CTCU) and a spirited advocate of Canadian-based unions. Parent believes that women have a long way to go in gaining their rightful place in the work force. She has given the concept of equal pay for work of equal value before federal and Quebec law, and lobbied maternity benefits became available under the Unemployment Insurance Act. However, Parent would like to see other provinces follow suit on the first breakthrough, and her union is preparing for an appearance before the federal Human Rights Commission to argue that the maternity benefits are unfairly disbursed. Parent was interviewed in Toronto recently for *Maclean's* by freelance writer Roberta Green.

Maclean's

A

Why do women earn 20 cents for every \$1 men earn?

Parent:

The first reason is that women are kept in the lowest-paying jobs. The second is that employers usually give raises in terms of percentages rather than in straight dollars and cents across the board. For example, if the average pay for the woman in an office is \$8 an hour and the average pay for the men, who are usually better paid, is \$8.40 an hour, a 10-per-cent increase means that the women get 30 cents more an hour while the men get 32 cents. So the pay gap grows and will keep on growing until we can enforce equal pay for work of equal value and maternity rights.

Maclean's

B

What, exactly, is the difference between equal pay for equal work and equal pay for work of equal value?

Parent:

Equal pay for equal work is a basic human demand to be concentrated in certain jobs that most generally won't take, such as typists, all the typists in a given establishment will probably be women. If they're all paid equally fairly, they're getting equal pay for equal work and that's pretty little. Equal pay for work of equal value, on the other hand, means that an employer cannot give lower pay to a person because she is a woman. If she is performing

C

the job in terms of her job, her seniority rights and her right to advancing and negotiating into jobs traditionally held by men. You see, without proper child care services, women still often have the main burden of raising children, and a 25-week leave even with an additional two working weeks just isn't enough. Without a collective agreement for a leave of six months to two years, a woman may well have to give up her job and lose all her credits. As a result of

**Parent and an Alberta mom's strike
Equal pay for equal work is a fact!**



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having two or three children, women may find herself back in the work force 10 or 15 years later as a new worker with no rights.

MacLean's: Why has the percentage of women joining unions been so high?

Prest: That's because most of the people joining unions have been public service workers—governments, workers, teachers, paraprofessionals and professionals—and most of those workers are women. Not only that but they have chosen Canadian unions in order to keep the needs of controlling their organization right here in this country.

Central extends funds to bureaucracy and contempt for the rank-and-file Canadians.

MacLean's: With that spurt in female union membership, why do women in unions still only comprise 27 per cent of all union members?

Prest: There's been rather the fact that women tend to be in more than largely segregated job ghettos. Office jobs in banks or large corporations, sales jobs in retail stores and service jobs in restaurants and hotels.

MacLean's: Why is it particularly hard

to organize workers in trade and fu-

nance, which employ 21 per cent of all union workers?

Prest: One major barrier has been a history of trade unionism dominated by an American bureaucracy with the image of a gangster-type who comes up here to represent people into unions. Women bank workers didn't want to be a part of that. Second, bank branches are fairly small units where male managers give women the idea that they're at friends. That close relationship obscures the fact that the bank manager is a boss just like the superintendent in a factory.

MacLean's: Why do women still make up only 27 per cent of union executive boards?

Prest: First, women in job ghettos are among the lowest-paid workers and therefore often get less respect and recognition. Second, most women not only work a 40- to 45-hour week on the job, but they also do another 20 to 30 hours of work at home, which obviously leaves free time to participate in union activities. Without participating in a committee basis, women don't know the general conditions and problems and then aren't able to argue convincingly about their own problems as women workers. Beyond that, women have to convince their families that they have a significant role of their own and that the others have to do their share so that mother can look after her interests as the wider world.

MacLean's: What other major issues do you see still facing women?

Prest: For one, we still need public facilities for child care. It's crucial that there be public facilities because child care provided by private sector employers can easily lead to paternalism and other abuses. Another is sexual harassment, particularly in white collar jobs. Not only should human rights codes prohibit it, but women must organize to protect themselves both against sexual harassment and the demand to perform personal services that demean them. Finally, women must be freed from management norms which tell English workers "menary" and to learn about their rights under the laws of the industry so that they can overcome the fear of angering managers and articulate their just demands. By organizing and participating in actions that respect them, these women have a chance to achieve better status and to fight to improve their conditions as well as those of all workers.

MacLean's: Of all this, what's the most pressing issue?

Prest: I can't think of anything I feel more strongly about than the cause of immigrant women. We have to be concerned about the people at the bottom of the ladder. ☐

World

Maclean's



Poland back from the brink

By Michael Dobbs

THE unthinkable nightmares for Poland's Communist rulers finally became reality last week. The so-called state was forced by a rebellion of its working class—and at week's end, after days of tense confrontation, it was the rulers' nerve that cracked. Having had all along that they would have nothing to do with representatives of hundreds of thousands of strikers who had all but brought the country's battered economy to a halt, the government came around to the strikers' way of thinking. A secret meeting was convened on neutral ground in the silent port of Gdansk on Friday and, the following day, a commission hopefully appointed earlier to investigate grievances (the strikers at first would have nothing to do with it) finally got together with the workers' leaders—in the workers' terms.

Throughout the week the sense had been dictated by a large-scale strike ballot disseminated by a Polish flag and the national hymn, the whole thing. Under the broadening gaze of a statue of Vladimir Lenin, Gdansk's leaders planned dozens of negotiations calling for workers' political reforms, including the abolition of commandos and the establishment of free trade unions.

The headquarters of the strike, which



Lech, Gdansk and (top) striking workers outside Lenin's statue at Gdansk, the Soviet bloc's worst crisis in a decade

spread rapidly to other parts of the country, was the giant Lenin shipyard in the centre of Gdansk. Here the strike wave is the Baltic ports began with just a handful of workers by week's end that handful had grown to more than 300,000 in the Gdansk region alone; with tens of thousands more out in support and, from the start, in every port and industrial town of the country. In the south, and the Polish authorities were speedily adjusting the seriousness of the situation. There was detailed, if slanted, coverage of the strikes in official newspapers, and, as certain

development, the Communist Party newspaper *Trybuna Ludu* called for a full-scale political struggle against what it described as "anti-social elements" out to destroy the motherland.

Equally ominous was the reported movement of troops along the East German and Soviet borders. Large-scale military manoeuvres were scheduled for later this month. Although they were planned before the unrest, they were quickly associated with a headline statement by East German Deputy Defense Minister General Strelitz stressing the duty of every socialist country to defend socialism wherever it came under threat. Exactly the same argument was used 12 years ago to justify the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and the resulting of Alexander Dubcek's brave experiment in "Socialism with a Human Face".

In Poland, as the lines outside the nation's food shop implemented solid reports of price buying in the Baltic states, attitudes on both sides appeared to harden during the week. The government had to recognize the legitimacy of the independent strike committee set up to represent the bulk of the striking workers. To do so would, it feared, be tantamount to recognizing free trade unions. In response, strike leaders forced their supporters to negotiate directly with a government commission

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established to investigate grievances.

Again, in an apparent attempt to cover the grapevine along which strike information from one sector was fed to others (and to foreign journalists), the authorities arrested 25 leading dissidents from the workers' Defense Committee (DDC). Among those detained was Jean Kornet, DDC's spokesman, who had been reading the information service over since an increase in meat prices on July 1 reached the unrest.

For a time, it seemed, events were heading up to the Soviet bloc's worst crisis in a decade. Poland, with its crumbling economy and strongly Catholic population, had always been the Kremlin's weak point in Eastern Europe. On the previous occasion, in 1956 and 1970, riots caused by political and social unrest brought down governments and that time, too, the country's Communist leadership was to blame. While recognition of the strikes' grievances would satisfy the need for drastic changes in the system, they were also aware that even maximum recognition might not end the strikes.

For Polish leader Edward Gierek, who survived similar but less widespread unrest in 1970, the current represents both his biggest challenge and a personal tragedy. Gierek came to power after the toppling of his predecessor, Wladyslaw Gomulka, in December, 1970. He pursued dialogue and consultation with the workers in order to prevent the same situation from recurring. But despite some economic progress in the early 1970s, the processes went largely unfulfilled—until such year a worst report to the government admitted the country was in an extremely volatile state—and the current crisis is the result.

At the situation grew worse, pressure was mounted to be building up within the party for a military solution. The same members felt, was the last chance to solve the crisis peacefully. For previous tensions, the psychological impact of a change at the top might induce the workers back to work long enough for social reform to be introduced in a gradual and relatively peaceful atmosphere.

But the basic problem facing the authorities was their own credibility. At one strike at the Lenin shipyard put it: "We've been lied to far as long as we totally disbelieve whatever we're told." If they say something's white, we think it's black," another remarked. "Since they take no notice of us in normal circumstances, the only way we have of bargaining is striking."

Inside the shipyard—its gates festooned with flowers from sympathizers and portraits of the Polish Pope, John Paul II, who last week laid prayers in Bonn's St. Peter's Square for his home-



Genève and (right) other workers demonstrating against price increases and the strikebreakers



Public opinion in Gdańsk and the other Baltic ports appears to remain firmly on the side of the strikers—despite the disruption. Citizens concentrated in the street were almost unanimous in putting the blame on the government for its inefficient handling of the economy and its lack of openness. Passing motorists gave cheered but salutes to the strikers as they passed crowded plazas.

Aids from the food lines, Poland's already battered economy had suffered enormous disruption. The port of Szczecin, near the East German border, was losing \$25 million a day. In Gdańsk, the lone shipyard was losing \$1 million a day. Seventy ships lay at anchor outside the port waiting to be unloaded and the authorities were having to pay penalty fees estimated at \$50 million a day while they did so. Among the shipbreakers' crews were 100 former sailors. About 500 men in railway wagons landed with coal—Polish export—were picketed.

If the strikers at times seemed almost beyond retrieval, there was always one matter on which the government and its rebellious populace stood united: the wish to avoid Soviet intervention. And as the Gdańsk provincial governor, Jerry Kaliszewski, ("I'm sure we're going to have all this settled soon"), got down to substance talks with strikers' leader Lech Wałęsa, it seemed that threat had, for the time being at any rate, been removed. The question that remained to be settled, is what everyone agreed was likely to be: every day of hard haggling, was whether the strikers' emotional response to news of the government cave-in—the cry in the Lenin shipyard was "Victory! Victory!"—would be borne out by the settlement. □

France

A boiling kettle of fish

The French and English have long shared more than a channel... and undersea transit spanning the English Channel to bury the age-old Anglo-French hatchet. But for years the project has been lagged off the drawing boards. Last weekend, though, as a French fishermen's strike stalled into its second stormy week, paralyzing the country's ports, stranding thousands of foreign British helter-skelter in Normandy and Brittany ferry terminals and whipping up a tempest in the French political import, nobody was laughing at sky scrubs that might scuttle the troubled Channel waters.

Indeed, what started out as a simple work stoppage at Boulogne, France's biggest fishing port, to prevent planned layoffs, then spread to harbors with such quaint names as The Fartful Virgin and The Enchanted Duck, the seafarers effectively managed to throw two



Fishing boats block the port of Boulogne bounded by fisherman branding boat hooks

stone nets against rising diesel oil costs, these began to resemble some rock balloons of Tralfamador. Stringing up a blockade of 50 fishing trawlers with such quaint names as The Fartful Virgin and The Enchanted Duck, the seafarers effectively managed to throw two

continents which have mastered supersonic flight into oddtime naval chess. More than 50 ships harbored helplessly outside the blocked French harbors while another 80 sat stranded inside, cargoes rotting in their holds. The major port of Le Havre lost an estimated \$1.5 billion in a day.

At Roscoff, in Brittany, Spanish truckers who couldn't get their agenda



Slaves in 'the land of the free'

She is 12 years old, looks perhaps 8 and should be in school instead. Surrounded in a squalid Bangkok children's home, a victim of the world's shadow in Thailand's natural capital—slavery but not legal, her life is blighted as Thai officials openly denied reports from a British human rights organization that slavery and other forms of child abuse were endemic in Thailand.

The charges were made by Tim Ripley of the London-based Minority Rights Group, who told of buying two boys aged 12 and 13 from a professional child-casher and forcing hundreds of others bought and sold. While Thai officials denied that child labor existed, they insisted that the children were not abused. But the case at Surin was not reassuring. Along with 15

other 12-year-olds suffering from forced labor, she was recently rescued by police from a hideously sordid situation in a slumbook ledger: "We were not allowed to leave the weaving factory premises from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m." She told investigators, "They kept us locked up on the last floor. We'd eat four boiled rice cakes a week. They fed us three meals a day, one bowl of three watercress shoots and eggplant soup." Such dismal life at the heart, still it left more than a few police roads to stamp up the child abuse market which, along with wide-scale baby-selling, is an iron-red part of the character of a nation once more explicitly named: land of the poor people. Poverty is at the root of the abuses, especially the growing agricultural poverty of the 16 northeastern provinces, where many families are deeply in debt to rural moneylenders after two successive years of drought.

Such human trafficking will take one or more of their children to Bangkok's main transhipping railway station where the

bound (far left), and children rescued by the government from a deadly factory suffering from malnutrition and disease

live from the northeast services each day 12 drivers. Rappacious madams, like 8th Avenue girls in New York, quickly move in.

They buy the child slaves for a certain sum, usually one year, and an official of the Thai labor department, a local police spokesman, says, "The sum is handed over to the spot and the child is taken away to one of Bangkok's 250 laundries or many unregistered employment agencies, where it is sold to one of the 5,000 factories employing slave labor and slavery industry experts." In a few cases, he says, the

One leading Thai union official, Pongsathorn Chanthaporn, says that the government should close any factory employing child labor. Although child slavery and child selling are illegal, enforcement is difficult. Most offending factories are small and unregistered. Some of the worst offenders, officials have found, are small cashiers making where child labor is needed to keep such sweat relatively free.

Out of 400,000 people, 1900 are victims of forced labor and the complicity of officials, says one official. So child labor and its aftermath are likely to continue in the foreseeable future and commands of local union respected commandant, monitoring a unlikely to help. Said the business editor of the respected English-language Bangkok Post in a recent article: "Solving the problem is not as easy as the horrified onlookers here and overseas think it is. It's a long, slow process and it's not helped when people point accusatory fingers."

David Allen

and Jameson headed for England retaliated with a land blockade. In London, newspapers screamed about downing fruit supplies and rising prices, while hammering that the French didn't seem to care about those who were paying most for it all—the estimated 30,000 British vacationers stuck at Galleon.

Despite fierce troves when passenger ships were let through, thousands of exhausted and broke tourists found themselves bogged down at Channel ports for an hour to 92 hours at a stretch. In Cherbourg, a tangle of 5,000 backed-up British motorists and angry French and English lorry drivers produced a 24-hour traffic jam not dissimilar to New York's gridlock. The British embassy ranked in to ensure the worst-pressed by hovercraft and bedding set off notes to those who had exhausted holiday funds.

At sea, the 86,700 British ship Kyra, which tried to sail past the Cherbourg blockade, found itself detained and bashed by Norman Sandbagging boat hooks. "Fancy," huffed General Sir Patrick Horwood-Deacon, vice-chair of the British Defense Staff, who was also caught in the Cherbourg net as his own ship, The White Knight. "There are such things as the sea of the sun."

The general's nationalistic jockeying committee proudly dispatched a panoply cable to the Home Office, warning that the Royal Navy might have to be called in to escort the 120 pleasure craft safely back to Dover. Some heady sailors even suggested that the British Fighting spirit was not dead. At the port of Graville, dozens of enraged yachtsmen kidnapped the local mayor for five hours in the harbourmaster's office.

But it was the French government that was left most red-faced. When negotiations with the transport ministry bogged down, Prime Minister Raymond Barre called in the French army on the pretext of assuring France's oil supplies, only to be pounced on by right and left alike. The conservative Paris daily *Le Figaro*—already in a pique about the forced cancellation of its promotional sailing race—hotted that the government had left itself open to ridicule by calling in the cannoneers. "A distinction game," warned the left-wing *Le Matin*, while France's two major trade unions threatened a nationwide strike unless the warships were re-attached. As the dispute lay mired on a larger end—the whole problem of diminishing catches and the environmental condition of the European Community's fishing industry in general—the fricasse seemed to be shaping up as yet another of the government's Meltdowns. Certainly Prime Minister Barre could find little comfort over a dinner of Dover sole—much—thanks to the strike was selling in Paris for \$18 a pound. *Nicci McDonald*

U.S.A.

The department of 'misinformation'

By Anne Nelson

On the evening of Aug. 9, Ignacio Rodriguez, a 35-year-old journalist with the Mexican daily *Uno* who was based gunfire near the Government Centre in downtown San Salvador. Accompanied by two UN reporters, he drove toward the shots. A few blocks short of their destination, their car was halted by the National Guard at a roadside and Rodriguez was ordered out. Moments later he was killed by a shot from a nearby building. One of the UN men later testified that it was fired by a uniformed gunman and the bullet was identified as coming

from the National Guard's regulation G-3 assault rifle. Yet Salvadorean Minister of Defense José Guillermo García issued a communiqué stating that Rodriguez's death was caused "by a leftist sniper." Unfortunately, he continued gamely, "such are the risks these valiant journalists run."

The killing of Ignacio Rodriguez was one more tragic footnote in the story of El Salvador's continuing political violence. But it also vividly demonstrated the skewed reporting the struggle has received, often resulting in an Orwellian tangle of misinformation. Last week the violence and the misinformations reached new intensity as the govern-



Frank (above) the long 10th Chilean Meeting at the Democratic Revolutionary

Heinz (below left); Graham, and Rodriguez. Carter can't afford to 'lose' and Peter



ment responded to a general strike called by the Democratic Revolutionary Front (DRF), the broad opposition coalition. The New York Times measured the failure of the strike by the Chamber of Commerce's report of an 80-per-cent layout: it did not mention efforts by government, military and paramilitary units to prevent the strike, or the more than 300 politically motivated killings that took place over its 72 hours.

The United States has deplored the violence in El Salvador, and has even conceded that some of it is due to the government. But a U.S. State Department source explained last week that the United States cannot afford to alienate the junta. "Basically, we have no alternative," he said. The Carter administration's unspoken prayer is that, with a particularly close election looming, it does not "lose" El Salvador as it has been accused of "losing" Nicaragua and Afghanistan, especially since Republican challenger Ronald Reagan has installed himself as the new champion of Latin America's political right.



Graham: Garcia's 'misinformation'

While El Salvador itself is of no great political or economic importance to the United States, its neighbor Guatemala—also in the grip of a repressive regime—borders on Mexico's oil fields in the Yucatan and has recently discovered rich oil and mineral deposits of its own. A U.S. embassy official in Guatemala City put it bluntly: "What is our stake in El Salvador? El Salvador is a key to the Caribbean basin, and the Carter

Preaching politics from the pulpit

After a "Washington for Jesus" rally in June, an organization headed by Senator Donald W. Rumsfeld (R-Illinois) from Illinois, the Big Stewart, that he had called only 22 in the morally rating "prepared by Christian Voice, a political committee of ultraconservative Catholic churchmen, and brought him in at his knees and pray for his son. The senator relented and chose a target for attack by evangelicals in November's congressional elections.

Under the "morally rating," members of Congress are rated highly if they supported recognition of Tel Aviv as the legitimate government of Israel; prayers in schools and a balanced budget and voted against Hiroshima syndrome. Higher standards equal rights for women, creation of a department of education and other things considered to be anti-birth and anti-God.

Rumsfeld is a born again Christian and a major new force in American politics. And to increase his already enormous influence, he held an insurance-free day on Capitol Hill last week, aimed at luring the 7,000-plus senators, congressmen, and their spouses to the electronic "preachers" and home-town ministers selected by Rumsfeld as likely to play a powerful factor in getting them out of the press and into party booths, where they could provide a margin of difference in many polls.

"I'm going to make a substantial effort to educate the efforts of all those folks," said Paul Weyrich, one of the principal organizers of last week's summit. "If you want to change America, you have to change the Congress."

In an effort to explain why evangelicals were doing increasingly well, the preachers cite the number of people who



Rodriguez, Weyrich, toll-free or not toll-free?

want to live. Lensis Tannen says that a typical congressional district has 12,000 to 20,000 evangelicals who are not registered voters. Because these people are likely to watch religious programming on television, the "electronic preachers" and home-town ministers selected by Rumsfeld as likely to play a powerful factor in getting them out of the press and into party booths, where they could provide a margin of difference in many polls.

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William Lovell

MICHAEL S/SEPTEMBER 1, 1980



Every great Caesar has a silent partner.

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press conference at the American Seaport Council in New York.

The ABC had long-standing interests in Central America. In December 1979, it sponsored the visit of retired General David D. Graham to Guatemala, where he urged Carter to give more open and direct support to the signatures of Latin America. The Boston-based press billed the sponsor of the visit as the "National Security Council," which caused no little confusion since that body is the White House's top policy advocacy group.

Recently Graham returned to Guatemala, as well as to El Salvador, Honduras, Argentina, and Chile—that time under Bracam's aegis. Graham, one of Reagan's foreign policy advisers and the former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, has told right-wing military factions in those countries that his way, once elected, "will abandon the policy of throwing our old friends to the wolves to get along with Peking and Moscow."

Last April, D'Alfonso, during an earlier visit to Washington, succeeded in meeting the National Security Council's Latin American expert, Robert Fowler. The arrangements for this visit were made by a public relations firm called MacKenna, MacGregor, Inc., headed by an Argentine, Jay MacKenzie. A few weeks later, MacKenzie organized a planning conference on El Salvador in a Washington office where he advised the administration to "stop arming Castro in Central America."

Until last year, MacKenzie's outfit was a major component of former Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza's million-dollar public relations and lobbying efforts in Washington. This year the firm had to make do with the "Guatemala Friends Foundation," which it commands fees of \$7,000 a week. The Washington firm of Patton, Boggs & Blow complements these activities on behalf of the Central American Sugar Council and Guatemala's right-wing *Arango del Pilar*, which it "advise[s] on all administrative and legislative developments, congressional representation and executive liaison."

If the right-wing Central American lobby had not managed to totally win over the Carter administration, it has at very least created and sustained some powerful friendships. On Capitol Hill these include Senator Jessie Helms (R-N.C.), Representative Robert Byrd (D-Md.) and the same congressional cadre that proved so effective in persuading U.S. support for Somoza and in blocking the Panama Canal treaties, notably, Rep. Charles Wilson (D-Tex.) and, before his August fall, Rep. Jake Murphy (D-N.Y.). And, of course, if Ronald Reagan is elected it can expect to do a great deal better. ☐

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Canada

Nails for the rhetoric of rage

By Robert Lewis

The silent behind-the-scenes fracture of last week's provincial election in Ontario was Whistling not so much the canary of a House as the Parrot divided, but the manner of its deliverance. By long-standing practice, many key players held news conferences accompanied only to reporters from their respective provinces. Ontario and Alberta officials even turned "outside" from sessions with Bill Davis and Peter Lougheed—acts that relegated the underlying understanding of their cause to the snappy kind of raggy-style scrums in the corridors of power. There is no better example to the new of farce than determinations to communicate, and there is no greater at home. An even fatter thing happened on the way to the final press briefing: nine otherwise irreproachable hecklers snatched a dose of stage fright and dispatched host Premier Steaming Lyon to face the 300 media messengers all by himself. Later, the nervy reluctant nose staged separate—but simultaneously—news conferences.

The passing presser spoke volumes for the farcical compromise the governors struck out of their two-day session. The tortured prose of their communiqués barely concealed the splits on palpable. Even their own press secretary resorted to such descriptions as "bully" and "weak." In speaking mainly through their mouths, the pressers left the growing library of miscommunication and confusion that hangs over intergovernmental affairs on the eve of September's crucial constitutional talks in Ottawa. In escalating their rhetoric for home consumption, the pressers em-

phasized the areas of disagreement rather than accord. The nation knows what they are "against" but not always what they are for.

The final communiqué on the constitution was striking mainly for its omission.

Lyon and other hawks wanted to both Ottawa for stepping up the pace of the talks. Ontario and the Atlantic provinces did not—and they persisted.

Instead of a strident assertion of province power, the conference waffled on Fowler's English Usage by noting that "provinces, as the original components of the federal system, and whose governments in the west directly of Canada are closer to the people, be not weakened but reinforced." In one

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in a three-hour wrangle there was, in the words of an Ontario official, "wording that got dangerously close to the 'territorialities'—territorialities," as opposed by PC leader Joe Clark. Because of objections from Lyon to a charter of rights, the conference waffled in proposing protection for individuals only "by the most appropriate means." The 10-day debate reflected their long-standing view that a new division of powers should come in tandem with agreement on subject clause in Pierre Trudeau's heart—part of the constitution from Westminster and American-style written guarantees of rights for citizens. The premiers also rejected an "official" federal effect to make the September meeting a deadline for decision on 32 areas ranging from a new Senate and Supreme Court to control over resources and cable television. On





Journalists' union (Doris) demands who gets the money or might swipe checks?

rier is "sitting in Mr. Trudeau's lap." Lyne asserts that Trudeau's passion for an extended bill of rights is "a trendy little idea." Feigning the loss of "millions of jobs" and reduced sales, Lougheed asserts that a federal export tax on natural gas would amount to "a declaration of war" against the West.

In Western Canada there is wide support for the rhetoric of rigs and real. Wimpy Trudeau's confidante Francis Masson is ready in her lair: "Where are the Western Federalists? Western governors," she adds, "choose to wrap their own setting of ancient errors in the flag and in a new Canadian identity. It is making them the regulators."

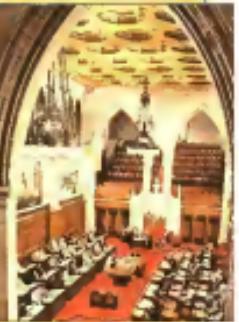
While the New West now holds the momentum, there are the nays in the constitutional debate that Trudeau has the numbers. Saskatchewan Attorney-General Roy Romanow believes that Ottawa could win a referendum on the

cal talks would produce consensus. Lougheed looked ahead to the September meeting and spoke for my protection: "I can't be optimistic." Ontario Finance Minister Alan McMillan, however, is more sanguine: "We are actively engaged."

David's unshakable embrace of Trudeau's goals has the other provinces watching politely about both raw Lougheed argues that the Ontario pre-

Warming up in the bullpen

The bone-tired for the ruling class came to Ottawa last week—95 young parliamentarians who took over the planks Senate chamber for eight days to run their own Youth Parliament of Canada. While shaggy-haired trouble tried to spot building-Jean Drapeau or Lloyd Axworthy—both elated the movement—their tour definitely proceeded with considerably more grace than usual in the upper house. There were also a few startling disputes. One member who asked the Speaker to please stop chewing bubble gum got a response, when tried to get unanimous consent, declining the “death of dice” on unopposed motion. Another member of a divided Parliament died in session in the red-robed chamber and the tendency of bent benches to what the Opposition benches. Things got so loud that one astute junior Senate speaker, René Lapointe, watched from the gallery unshaded. “They’re going to break



Young parliamentarians in Senate. Photo: MacDonald as Speaker “break the dieks”

sounded like Joe Clark.

They didn’t much know their elders in basic values either. Although the Youth Parliament is nonpartisan, most of the delegates in Ottawa last week would consistently vote the Liberal, Tory or no party—the extremes of left or right. They share above all else, a commitment to the parliamentary system and a determination to work for change from within. Says Bill Pretell, 26-year-old Youth Parliament president: In the 950 kids invited to tour everything down, but these kids are determined. They want reform—but they believe in structure.” —SUSAN RILEY

But there were moments of eloquence too, and—something rarely seen in the Commons—true wisdom. John Snow, 18-year-old son of Alberta Indian Chief John Snow, broke down briefly during a moving speech on the cultural heritage. We were a majority in this country; we had a way of life we had a religion, we were not savages,” he said. His words took fire. But a good many of his colleagues showed signs of having practised loo long in front of a mirror until they looked and

demonstration in his province—probably even though it’s Trudeau. The Galtig poll taken in July shows striking support in a nationwide sample of 1,067 for Trudeau’s pet projects: 71 per cent for a bill of rights, 63 per cent for sharing of wealth, 61 per cent for constitutional guarantees that minorities can be schooled in their own language, 73 per cent for patriation.

Working from this base is the glare of next month’s television conference where conflict cannot be hidden in negotiations. Trudeau will exploit differences among the provinces. They were only enough when their discussions were closed off to the public, but now that they should be open, the nation will be. The tension was palpable when Davis opened with a complaint—that Lougheed had an air of authority and he did not. In a playful parody, Lévesque responded that, typically, he had taken the initiative and demanded one less quip that everyone assumed Davis simply would take care of. That, Davis parried, is presumably why the chairs in the legislative chamber are bolted to the floor. The boisterous aside, it was one of the few items the conference settled down.

Newfoundland

Fish story (to be continued)

Even the inside’s own gastronomes eat an average salmon fisherman’s meal—\$90-\$100 after working full-time for the seven or eight four-weeker months of 1978—sustained high to the sky by the thousand young who converge on St. John’s, the capital of Newfoundland’s last frontier. Sam Anthony from Grates Cove, for example, received the highest catch in his Trinity Bay community last year, gleaning \$16,800—but that was down to \$10,000 by the time he made payments on his boat and covered the cost of repairs in his engine and while cleaning his nets. No more than any of the others can be afford to be an aristocrat, but also, like the 12,000 others who were still out after five belt-tightening weeks, Anthony says: “I can afford not to be.”

About 15,000 fishplant workers have also been unemployed, laid off when the timber men decided to stop selling their catch in the industry’s 77 processing firms without an 18-per-cent increase in prices, and the provincial economy was being bled by a million dollars a day. Although “a lot of people are hurting,” said fisherman Kevin Condon of Calvert, “we knew in the beginning this was going to be tough. It is the only way we are going to change the system. That was the spirit that enabled us to establish leader Rich and Cushing to tell his

solidarity meeting, “We’ve got it won,” even though it’s Trudeau. It wasn’t quite—not yet.

Cushing, a peggy St. John’s lawyer and former MP, has been head of the Newfoundland Fisheries Board since the early 1970s, when they first dared ask for the行使 of right to bargain collectively. But it was not until this summer that the inshore fishermen took up their strike option on a large scale. In the annual spring negotiations they were faced with price offers from the 22 ma-

shippers on patrol: “We’ve got it won!”



shippers, which controls 80 per cent of the industry. Third party in the negotiations, the government stood and the threat to the industry that accounts for one-sixth of Newfoundland’s gross domestic product—devaluing its catch since 1974 and tripling product value to half a billion dollars. So it was with evident relief that, 24 hours after the solidarity rally ended, Deputy Fisheries Minister and strike mediator Gordon Stiles announced an interim agreement had been reached that would end the inshore fishing fleet to sea again and strike foot-in-the-door covers immediately. On Saturday, processors were to

begin paying prices slightly better than those in FAVL’s last offer of mid-June, pending the commission’s bringing forward a final settlement in mid-October. —GEFFREY LESTER

Regina

Passengers will please refrain

A year or two past, Regina’s Union Station stands within the shadow of swaying hemlocks and construction crews representing the downtown. The 80-year-old station, with its magnificence Tyndall stonework and art deco chandeliers, has greeted thousands of travellers over the years including soldiers who fought in two world wars, emigrants, kings and queens. There was a thriving restaurant that served business workers and travellers who, in 1953, could date through a dozen of options, steaks au poivre and Chateaubriand for a buck and a half. Linens snaked through the station even during the comparatively lean years of the 1930s, with travellers bound for glory on the coast or at the nearby resort of Regina Beach. Today the station is almost empty, except for a V.A. office which serves the 60 or so passengers who show up each day to



Station in sad days, joining ghosts

climb aboard the two transcontinental trains or a day-liner to Saskatoon and Prince Albert. But the venerable building is once again attracting national attention. At Via Rail's request, the western arm of the Canadian Transport Commission will hold special hearings in Regina in early October to decide how the station should be transferred from CP Rail to the federal Crown corporation. The outcome of the hearings will set a precedent for the transfer of railway stations across the country.

The heart of the dispute is the 1976 agreement between CP and Canadian National that forced the latter to transfer all passenger services to Via Rail. The agreement calls for Via Rail to handle all passenger trains, paying the right to use the rail lines and the stations. In return, CP agreed to negotiate the sale of the station to Via Rail at "book value"—the depreciated cost of each station plus the original value of the land, which had been granted to CP Rail by the federal government. Via Rail estimates the book value of the Regina Station at about \$1 million. CP Rail, however, has asked for \$9 million, claiming the amount reflects the "face market value." Government-run Via Rail already has had discussions about other stations with government-run CN, which naturally says it is willing to accept book value. Sue Sholto McLeod, president of the Saskatchewan branch of Transport 2000, a national public transport group, says if CP can negotiate a higher price, then CN might decide to change its mind. Says McLeod: "The implication is if Via loses its case with CP here is that the provosts are here will apply to all other stations across Canada, whether owned by CP or CN."

Also at stake is a plan by the Saskatchewan Transportation Company (STC) to move out of its crowded and decrepit bus terminal in downtown Regina and into Union Station with Via. Don Cody, the Saskatchewan cabinet minister responsible for STC, says the \$1-million price tag for Union Station

"is just out of order. I could put up a building 10 times as large for less money," says—imposed a June 30 deadline in the fall of 1979 after noting Via Rail and CN negotiations were so close to being resolved after a year of bickering. Cody now says the company will wait until after the Regina hearings before deciding whether to renovate its terminal or look elsewhere for a site.

In any event, the grand old Union Station will, one way or another, be the last vestige of the wooden halls of the golden age of steam. The nostalgic could be forgiven for wishing the wrecker's ball upon the behemoth. Barely silent anything would be better than removing a horse for bones.

Jamie Walker

Halifax

Sex and the single church

Like a storm that blown itself out at sea, last spring's protest over the United Church's controversial task force report on sexuality seemed surprisingly dampened by the time delegates to the church's 28th General Council met in Halifax last week. Though there was obvious abjection to the report, which comes close to condoning marital infidelity, sex outside marriage and homosexuality (one delegate called it "the most dangerous and misleading document to come before the church in my lifetime"), the controversy quietly appeared—but only as a sidebar item. Delegates predicted that the debate could eventually split the church.

After several debates, at least one on the surface, welcomed the report as a symbol that the church was willing to grapple with touchy contemporary issues. To some, the report, *In God's Image: Male and Female*, two years in the making, represents a radical departure from

traditional biblical thought and sets the church as a new path devoid of big man London, Ont., Rev. Morris Clarke, an advisory member of the delegation, says the report appropriately outshines the Scripture, which teachs that sex belongs within marriage and homosexuality is something that needs healing. "The future they [the task force] would have as such," he says, "is one where we are not afraid in a sex with no stars to guide us, but just a feeble glimmering light on the poop deck." Ottawa, the newly elected Moderator Right Rev. Len Wilson, pooh-poohs the notion that the report marks a change of course. "It's part of our tradition that the gospel has to speak to contemporary situations," she says. "It's part of the Methodist tradition. John Wesley took the gospel to the people working in mines." The United Church was formed in 1925, a union of Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches. Wilson, 50, says the report is simply "an affirmation of something we've tried to do in a more fragmented way for 20 years."

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Debating Moderator George Taitts and his replacement Wilson: no stars to guide?

The report created a furor in the spring when a local news show showed it was published in *The United Church Observer*. The 160-page document recommends condoning the acceptance of gay people for ordination, says sex outside marriage may be acceptable under certain circumstances and when the relationship is "loving, caring, interacting, mutually supportive and socially responsible," and suggests that marital infidelity need not necessarily involve sexual exclusivity. While the response at the time was overwhelmingly against the report (heads headquarters received 300 letters, 42 to 1



Clarke: "glimmering on the poop deck"

against), and the *Observer* ran three pages of lively responses in June, discussion at the General Council was surprisingly calm. Delegates congratulated task force members for their courage, many made suggestions for changes, while others quietly sat back, seemingly apathetic but curious about the report's potential ramifications. "I had personal experience with a neighbor," said one veteran moderator to *Maclean's* in particular. "Seven years past and I'll be retiring."

Wilson, the United Church's first women moderator, says that the church's debate about sexuality will send people back to the Bible for fresh interpretation. "Many people are biblical literates." She hopes the report will stimulate discussion over the next few years. It will be brought back to General Council in the next two to six years, after which it could become church policy. Wilson says the main challenge is to make the gospel "speak to the human condition—otherwise it won't be useful to my kids." Ironically, many young people attending the youth forum of the General Council already have strong opinions on the subject. A Halifax newspaper survey of candidates for youth moderator showed the young people overwhelmingly opposed to pre-marital sex: because it's a sin?"

Sue Colleen

Alberta

Thanks but no thanks

At first glance the scheme seemed innocuous enough. Alberta's 75th anniversary celebration would include a \$1-million worth of paid and silver anniversaries—and of a \$75-million birthday allowance to honor the province's 757 pioneers. That commission organizers almost drew back their

feeling hands when their offer—set off as a housewarming—brought hordes of couples for talking to make Alberta great—was sponsored by none of the province's senior citizens. Led by 95-year-old Edmonton activist Alice Lakatos—former homemaker and now president of the city's Golden Senior Citizens Drop-in Centre—more than 500 signatures were gathered for a petition protesting the meddling program.

According to the even-anniversary's definition, gold medallions (valued at \$366.35 at current market prices) will soon be handed out to native-born Albertans 75 years or older. Silver medallions (\$63.35 on a collapsed silver market) go to those 75 years and over who, although not born in Alberta, have resided there for at least three years. For Alberta-born Albertans, the decision means senior citizens who have been residents since the year of the 19th century wouldn't qualify for a gold medal because they were born elsewhere. In contrast, senior citizens would qualify easily for a silver medal. "A person here three



years doesn't contribute to our heritage," claims Lakatos.

In rising up the ranks of Alberta's latest gift lists, Lakatos and her supporters are adroit over the fact that despite Alberta's riches, the money could be better spent on other projects.

The petitioners began petitioning to have the median money diverted toward a new hospital for senior citizens or an endowment fund for study seminars—proposing all the more because government estimates of the number of centenarians were so wildly off that the median statistic could cost \$31 billion.

Despite such creditable anniversary projects as the \$4-million plan to publilish a definitive Canadian encyclopedia, the unapologetic-generations-independence movement almost drew back

from the anniversary. The commission's early dilemma of how to extend 75th celebrations with as little controversy as possible was well understood when \$4 million was handed directly over to individual communities to celebrate as they wished. The result: hot-air balloons, raft races and travel expenses for touring Japanese dance groups. The most recent commission-sponsored fiasco was the \$106,000 travelling musical Alberta, a two-hour extravaganza labelled by critics as "overtrived," "silly" and "an embarrassment"—meant to depict everything from the history of the province to drug, disease, ranching and federal-provincial relations. The singing soap opera was turned away by reluctant sponsors in Edmonton and Calgary, in a quick dash north this month is the town of Grande Prairie. Then there's Edmonton's "great debate"—a search for \$100,000 in anniversary funds (plus \$20,000 in donated supplies and labor). Edmontionians say full designer Peter Lewis, will soon be able

Wayne Skene

to watch an estimated 1,100 gallons of North Saskatchewan River water pumped 175 metres to the top of the high-level bridge and dropped back into the river every minute—Alberta's anniversary answer to Niagara Falls.

By comparison, Saskatchewan is celebrating its 75th anniversary with a fraction: \$6.7 million. More than 3,000 events have been organized by 900 community groups as the basis of a 50-cent per-head entry fee from the provincial Centennial Saskatchewan program. Alberta's per capita grant was half a head instead of mediation, as Saskatchewan's commissioners over the age of 65 will receive a small sum from Premier Allan Blakeney and his birthday card from Saskatchewan. So far, there have been no complaints.

Wayne Skene

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

People



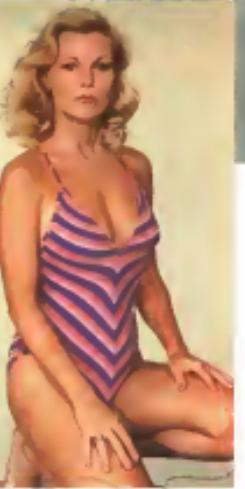
Pratt, a former MP, stands tall for the love of navy

When the government of Nova Scotia decided to re-create the maritime hit musical *Meet the Navy* to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the Canadian navy, **JOHN PRATT** was ready and willing to report for duty. Pratt, 74, was the star of the original cast that toured Canada and five countries abroad from 1963 to 1966. For this special edition of the show, Pratt has redesigned his 25-year-old-covered sailor suit, come to sing the hit song *You'll Give Undo It*, which immortalized his dad-and-sack character. In the intervening years, Pratt has been far from a dad sack, however. After resigning his show-business commission, he became a political career in Quebec where he served as the mayor of Dorval and the Conservative member of Parliament for the riding of Jacques-Cartier-Labrador. "One day I noticed that the water tested popular and so I packed my mustache off it," he recalls. "The pollution around the sewage table is worse than the lake." Pratt quit politics in favor of real estate in 1988, but he enjoys delivering his final navy performances in that old showman town—Ottawa.

After spending the summer commuting between his Ontario riding and residence in Ottawa, **STEVE BREWSTER** is back to the country for a much-needed holiday in West Germany. In fact, he's in for four days of sun-kissed Poland. In its previous tour, in 1990, Paul, 50, was warning his bandmates to hang—the better to enjoy the break. "It's not fair," he says. The son of Broadway name-and-rapid-fire personal/political questioner has, however, been called "steaking violent." Police buried *India's* 36-year-old son, whose interest centers on stereos, equipment, appliances, his Indian wife, *Mousa*, and their two children. But with the sudden death of his young-star brother *Sunjay* in a street plane last

The U.S. actors' strike has caused at least one star to feel work elsewhere—an *As You Like It* star. *Susanna*, a 35-year-old son, whose interest centers on stereos, equipment, appliances, his Indian wife, *Mousa*, and their two children. But with the sudden death of his young-star brother *Sunjay* in a street plane last

was blonde beauty *Carolyn Lyndsey*. She and her screen co-star, *Kordell*, were taping an episode of *The Leftmost Room* in which they investigate mysterious disappearances at the sea. Lyndsey, 26, took the job after work on a three-hour spars of *Charlie's Angels* disappeared when actors took to the picket line. A consciousness of mass all over the world, Lyndsey says she loves working with the animals. "Although you always have to stay a little behind a large one," she says. "If they're going to attack, they'll always go for the person in front of them."



Lyndsey from *Charlie's Angels*: in doggo

Hard-line native singer *Billy Shuster*'s newest hit single might be a tradition of *Mississippi's* 1971 hit *Brand New Engraver*. "I've got a brand new pair of roller skates!" Now championing the cause of roller skating, *Sainte-Marie* was bitten by the bug when she was scoring the *Light Spirit of the Wind* in Venice, Calif. "While ladies were out on roller skates now I go skating just like anyone else goes out walking." Her four-year-old son *Die-*



Sainte-Marie and Cody move on wheels

note (Gord) *Shandakeni* *Wetkwiid* has his own stats. "But he really likes to ride his tricycle alongside me," she says. With her spiffy white boots, equipped with toe steps and soft polyurethane wheels, knee pads and wrist supports, she remains smitten about her new outfit. "I don't do any fancy leaps or spins. That's not what's happening."

After opening the Canadian National Exhibition, ambassador extraordinaire *Ken Taylor* advanced the technological wizardry of 25 government departments at the Canadian Pavilion. His early grin fading only once, since his own department wasn't represented. External Affairs had maintained booths the two previous years, but the candy-floss set had mainly asked "Where's the washroom?" and "How do I land a glamorous overseas job?" and External just didn't find this suitable for the grim '86 Deputy Personnel Director *Marko Karpa* dozen terrorist threats are dampening young people's enthusiasm for a diplomatic career. "It's still considered an adventure," he says. "And embassy take-overs are thought to happen to others, not peaceful Canadians." But with budget cuts reducing new entrants to a dozen a year he can't banish the retiring *downstream* *Indigenous* Director *Harry Lovstua* says his preference spending his \$250,000 budget making documen-

tary films on ministerial services and activities, or garage-in at headquarters. So much so, he couldn't even cough up \$25,000 for a proposed *canary-yellow* *Die External* cold-shoulder the East's *Eco*. "Definitely not," he says. "Our major investment and corporate attraction was *Ken Taylor himself*."

"Men betray your secrets, your love, your trust and friendship, but my friends will never desert me," affirms *Brigitte Lahaie* as we prepared to "drop out" of public life in such a way as to make *Greta Garbo* look like a piker. The 46-year-old actress has announced that she plans to end her public displays and spend the rest of her life with "dog, cats, goats and cameras." She



Brigitte: walking *Greta* back like a "piker"

will, however, spend some time away from the mezzanine to quietly conduct her crusade on behalf of baby seals. As she puts it, "She's better like a so-called sex kitten dispose of her toes."

It's terrible with pink in that it's a serious All that gloop and end of the world sort of thing," explains *Terry*'s *Terry* *Candy*, who sings and plays punk-parody in a quartet called *The Monks Through Candy* and his cohorts *Richard Hudson*, *John Ford* and *Brian Williams* assert that such songs as *New York, Please Answer the Phone* and *I Love You, Gotta Go* "would be instantly spotted as pink-on." It took some time. "We sense of humor," shrugs Candy. Currently *The Monks* are preparing a "political single" called *Don't Wast No Roots*, which endeavours to explain *Monks* in less than three minutes, and *Digital Delir*, analysing the problems

of computer lever-making. Since their album, *Bed Roots*, appears to have caught the Canadian imagination, *The Monks* hope to tour here next year. In the meantime, they are concentrating on hosting their own bed-bathes. "Women and alcohol mostly," admits Candy. "We also overindulge in squash and smokes. And sometimes we throw darts at each other."

The prospect of golden arches is raising hollies in the arts community of Blairstown, one of London's most unspoiled villages. It's a place where the locals object to a planned McDonald's restaurant that would be located a hillside away from the garden in which John Keats wrote his *Ode to a Nightingale* while sitting under a pine tree. Keats' success in 1819 McDonald's has opened 43 shops in the London area in the past six years and the campaign to retain the fast-food empire has become a cultural cause célèbre. "Mind you, I'm nothing against hamburgers or Americans for that matter," said pediatric *Spill Wilson*. "But next we may all of Britain into an American junk-food experiment."

Scenes of history and shortwave radio buff *Karl Samselton* of St. John's, Nfld., receives plenty of international mail from foreign radio stations, so it was no surprise to him that a letter postmarked Bulgaria arrived recently. The news it contained was that the 83-year-old had placed second in an amateur competition sponsored by Southern Radio of Bulgaria. Samselton's telephone number is 400-2000, and V.J. Lewis, the *World of Amateur Radio* editor, has to admit that *Karl* was a great run... says *Samselton*, despite his anti-Communist bent. The prize for the weighty competition of how *Samselton* subscriber *Lionel*'s goals has yet to arrive, but when it does *Samselton* will be the first on his block to sport a full complement of Bulgarian folk carvings.

Much to the chagrin of those who think he'll think you're talking about something to put on his lawns," says *Terri*'s *Terry* *Candy*, who sings and plays punk-parody in a quartet called *The Monks Through Candy* and his cohorts *Richard Hudson*, *John Ford* and *Brian Williams* assert that such songs as *New York, Please Answer the Phone* and *I Love You, Gotta Go* "would be instantly spotted as pink-on." It took some time. "We sense of humor," shrugs Candy. Currently *The Monks* are preparing a "political single" called *Don't Wast No Roots*, which endeavours to explain *Monks* in less than three minutes, and *Digital Delir*, analysing the problems

Edited by Marsha Bouton

A jog down memory lane

By Michael Clayton

I wasn't a banner athlete in Canadian sports history, 1860, but I did some pretty well. A white team that year had managed the first recorded victory over a team of Indians at their own game, lacrosse. Praised by many, and after that, Canada's first nationally prominent athlete was Ned Hanlan, in the late 1860s, who proved slightly faster than his American colleagues of Harlan, Wagner and Bob Paul, was cited for his innovative teaching methods. To give his students the feel of long, powerful jumps without the longs, Hanlan supported them briefly on crutches with ropes slung through ironclad pulleys. Australia's Beattie, Edwards sought out his coaching in 1870, thus won world championships in 1871 and all manner of supporters gathered in Toronto to sing the praises of the country's remarkably diverse and rich sporting heritage, and to induct five new members to the Hall. Hockey may be Canada's strongest bat, but the sleeves are filled with other cards, too.

Forty-seven members of the Hall were the Friday night crowd of 1,300 at a downtown hotel banquet hall, the biggest gathering of sports heroes ever in Canada," said W. Preston Gilbreath, chairman of the dinner committee. "It's a great thrill to rub shoulders with them." Among them was Johnny Hayes, whose baseball kept him from the Cup final in 1903, and had him two weeks later in the Boxing Marathon in the 1900s. Arctic Heggquist, who began to ski at age 2 in Ottawa, then went on to win a gold medal at the Squamish Valley Olympics of 1903, remained as the vestiges of those "until at last asking for autographs. But most of it comes from East Germany—never from Canada." And hockey coach and Masters Review, autographing programs right and left, said he couldn't remember whether or not he was a Hall of Fame member. "Put that," commented sports writer Andy O'Brien. "They'll love it in Montreal. It's my type of the (self-effacing) guy."

O'Brien, for many years sports editor of *Weekend Magazine*, was one of five new members inducted into the Hall of Fame. Another, Ray Tucciarone, the national jockey from Grand Falls, N.B., was confined to a wheelchair by an accident in 1969, but not before he had won America's Triple Crown of horse racing aboard Secretariat in 1973, and ended up 3,000 winners worth nearly \$6 million in purses. The shot-shooting record of inductee Burney Hartman leaves little room for improvement. Believed to hold

more world records than any other shot-shooter, thus among virtuous ones, over 2,000 practice targets without a miss, and in five years up to 1971 his average was about 99 per cent. Stanis Galbreath, 86, coach of Canada's only Olympic silver medal winning team, Britain's Australia, and of the Barbican, Wagner and Bob Paul, was cited for his innovative teaching methods. To give his students the feel of long, powerful jumps without the longs, Galbreath supported them briefly on crutches with ropes slung through ironclad pulleys. Australia's Beattie, Edwards sought out his coaching in 1870, thus won world championships in 1871 and all manner of supporters gathered in To-

ronto to sing the praises of the country's remarkably diverse and rich sporting heritage, and to induct five new members to the Hall. Hockey may be Canada's strongest bat, but the sleeves are filled with other cards, too.

Richard (left), Terence and Johnny Lopresti (bottom) in a new dimension



Sports Column

The Swedish iceberg who plays a \$5-million racket



By Trent Frayne

Parity it's inherent. It's how Sweden plays. If you ever get on the subway in Stockholm you'll think you're in the first car behind the hearse. Talk about red, the Swedes are the sullen-looking people on earth. They have a phrase of their own for that look: it's a moogen—ice in the atmosphere.

Borg does it, the look of ice in the stadium. He also has it in his veins, skin, claws, teeth, fingernails, and in his brain. Because you cannot read him, you are not sure what you're looking at when you watch him play tennis. Is he pale? Is he colorless? Or is he feeling joy while turning the gay scenes from New Zealand? Is he on the ropes or coming into his second wind? Or did he just break his arm?

With Borg you never know. And there is no use asking. Hell, never say he's hard. Interviewing a motion picture. He never says an unkind word about an opponent. He always says he lost points because his opponent played as well. He never says he was a losser, like, but he might suggest that someone else entirely won. And, he did in the U.S. Open, which is his strength, but he'll never come right out and say, "Holy mackerel, is my love below me?" or however they phrase it in Sweden. And thus we'll be feeling the feeling world in the U.S. Open, the one major tournament we've never won, but he'll never say so. All he'll do is go out there and play as long as he can, inevitably.

In the Canadian Open, to show you how he does it, he played an hour and 45 minutes in steaming humidity on an ageing hard-surface court on a ban kast, and after winning the first set by 6-4 and while trailing 4-6 in the second of a tough match with a Czech youngster named Ivan Lendl, he said to Lendl, "Thank you."

"What for?" asked a baffled Lendl. "I'm quitting."

Lendl had no idea why for all Lendl knew, Borg's money left may have

grown too heavy. Or the weight of all the endorsements he wears on his clothes—airlines, automobiles, hotel chains—was having overwhelmed him. All anybody knew was that Borg had said early on, his right knee had passed some time, but he said "No problem." As soon as he was out of town, though, off to New York to see his knee while enduring another tax or two of jetlag, the official physician for the Canadian Open, Dr. John Schuman, re-

wrote him like a wimp. Think positive. Never let an opponent know you're tired. When I change ends I walk briskly, head up. If he's grunting, he thinks you're made of iron. Never let him know if you're hurting, you shouldn't be on the court. If you're on the court, you're not hurting."

This is Borg's creed. He always looks like he's in agony a repulsive Impala, unbending, he has more unsmiling opponents such as John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors and the now-thin, now-thick-trunked former tennis player who very easily blushed in public. Jack childhood by comparison. He appears to let nothing peak a hole in his consciousness. He makes \$5 million a year from tennis, one way and another, but he has agents to look after the endorsements and a fellow Swede, Leifsson Bergelin, to off the marketing as his coach, adviser and manager.

Among all of the world's resourceful Swedes, Leifsson Bergelin is an exception. He smiles at everything. Leifsson Bergelin's smooth tanned face breaks into a grin at hello, and rarely misses. He is about six feet tall and a triflch plump, with slender legs and a broad chest and a wide smile across his broad face. He says that what impresses him now is that Borg is the best in the world at maintaining Borg's frame of mind. Everything is there, all the shots, so what matters is the mind. The mind should be good to accept the damage."

The damage?

"Yes, the damage," explains Leifsson Bergelin. "If the mind is good then the loss of a game or a set won't make the damage—spirit loss or hurt loss—confidence."

And so Bjorn Borg doesn't care about

when he is in fight situations. Looked, it may be true that no tennis player in history has escaped from as many premature moments. "Sometimes I don't think I'm a human being the way he plays," says Chris Evert Lloyd, as webing herself.

One thing you can't tell by looking



THE BIG THREE FIGHT BACK

The Blue Max Garage

Along Highway 3, dipping south and east from Windsor, the rigs change toward London and the canning factories. Over the dry rag of crusted clay they slide, the farm produce, corn, wheat and Merrimac miners applying in the August steam, as past Cottontown and Dowlingsford through a wide cut leading farther south in the task of the term a dust cloud lifts from the shoulder, intermittently teasing the freshly painted PORSCHE sign Norm Borrem car from his garage lowered the prostate stand at the end of his driveway. Tomorrow \$1.25 a basket, "packie" a bush—a small goose to the \$140 a week the Unemployment Insurance Commission provides. Back is the garage walls a half-dressed bear, an unfinished conversation. Talk of April 12, 1989, the day Norm married Betty, a widow with five children, the eldest 11, memories of the dream honeymoon, and finally the sting of the morning he awoke in Hawley, April 29, 1989, the day he was officially laid off from a 30-year-plus job in the Canadian automobile industry. A bell of a wedding present. It might help if he only knew what went wrong and why, but back to the \$11.25 an hour through the job lot for him, there is only sweat there, and it, too, prickles. "I honestly don't know who to blame," he says. "Do you?"

In a sleek Windsor office the thumb of a Chrysler Canada Ltd. executive presses the fast-forward button of a television video system. The set was supposed to catch yesterday's evening news, a lead given concerning the X-car, Chrysler's fragmented grip on the market, the first car one-off the Detroit assembly line, but as the thumb exacts

spasm of last year when General Motors introduced its phenomenally successful X cars. With 350,000 Cutlasses sold in the first year, Detroit has hasty wrenched to the stability of light front-wheel drive half-axle automobiles—precisely what had cost up to \$5 billion in sales for a Japanese auto company named Honda last year.

The fist the Alphabets Cars will be scarcely wrong. GM is working on a 10-car next spring, which would be a more sophisticated X-car, and is heading toward the T, truly a "world car" to be built later in West Germany, Britain, Japan, Australia, Brazil and South Africa, as well as North America. Chrysler, of course, is mainly putting its future on the assembly line with its impressive X cars the Dodge Aries and Plymouth Reliant, which are sheltered no better than the X boasting better mileage out at a gallon of gas but

No, the future in fact has been around since

Expert



Rolling out the new galaxy

North American car buyers will be delighted to hear the blues does not reside in Senator's Office of Future Studies white shirts they have been talking about phasing out automobiles completely from urban areas and replacing non-car tools to make wheelchairs getaway possible.

No, the future in fact has been around since

up on the bottom, the video shows to the tail end of an old black-and-white adventure film starring Tom Curtis. It is Tom's wife and the infant who has been hooked to the seat. "Now," he growls in a thick, threatening mone, "who wants to die first?" The screen cancer down hand in the fast-forward.

To understand the current nervous state of the North American automobile industry, it is necessary to return to late 1978. Not because the industry was issuing its all-time production record of 16 million vehicles, but because a distant country that produces a mere 8.8 percent of the world's oil was an irritant. That was Iran. On Jan. 16, 1979, the shah left, on Feb. 1, the Ayatollah Khomeini arrived, and on May 8 the first gasoline rationing took place in California, soon spreading to other states. It is true that what was psychological even more than logical, the bottom fell out of the biggest oil-basher North American auto industry. With the oil price name recession, then higher interest rates.

Today, nearly a quarter of a million auto workers in the United States are laid off, a further 25,000 in Canada, estimates of unutilized capacity reach as high as 800,000. As seriously grim as those numbers, it's easy to understand

spring of last year when General Motors introduced its phenomenally successful X cars. With 350,000 Cutlasses sold in the first year, Detroit has hasty wrenched to the stability of light front-wheel drive half-axle automobiles—precisely what had cost up to \$5 billion in sales for a Japanese auto company named Honda last year.

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about 30,000 more than the Ford's

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July imports to the U.S. reached 224,000—also a record. "It's a mess," says Canada's minister of industry, trade and commerce, Herb Gray. "There's a major restructuring going on." It is easy to see how Washington's respected Workwatch Institute, when reporting on the auto industry last year, believed to be "redundant." "I thought we'd never be the same again."

"It happened overnight with the Iranian situation," adds Gray. "It reached the point where it wasn't enough for a car to be fuel-efficient, the car had to look fuel-efficient." With analysis claiming 75 per cent of all cars will be four-cylinder by 1990, Detroit finds itself in the unavoidable position of having to sell the cars the consumer doesn't want in order to finance the building of a car the consumer is eager to buy today. And it happened so quickly that it seems only Ripley could

Bumper sticker and poster calling home owners over (inset). Shirley, wife Barbara, Iacocca unveiling import. "We're a mess"

believe that little more than a year ago—when "U.S. cars, Citations and Phoenix, are suddenly the example everyone is chasing (sic)—was actually toying with the idea of scrapping most of its small-car plants to move to Mexico. Oddly enough, the only last year to have eliminated 80,000 jobs took over a special automobile transmission plant designed solely for GM, the industry's instant dinosaur. Ford, like troubled Chrysler, has chosen to fight an earlier recession this decade—necessarily also brought us by oil blues—the financing budgets for product development, and that has much to do with the fact that the industry suddenly needs \$75 billion (15 times the cost of the space program) to retool, clean-up and somehow get back to competitiveness.

result of a promising new partnership with the French company. The big plus is an 80% efficiency for highway driving: 6.7 liters per 100 km (47 m.p.g.) for the 1.6 Citation, 6.2 liters per 100 km (54 m.p.g.) for the Escort, 5.5 liters per 100 km (51 m.p.g.) for the Ami, and 6.0 liters per 100 km (58 m.p.g.) for the Dodge and master maintenance. The Parsons, for example, will require oil changes only every 10,000 km.

The Japanese plan very few changes in their products. That's why spot 4-page brochures and Mercury-style ads in world cars and planes to promote 400,000 vehicles a year of a whole new assembly plant in Africa is crossed-finger sign in the works and a parallel with work to such as it makes you just nervous.

With the big news no longer being big, no domestic manufacturer is turning to us to offer their products differentiation for their sales pitches. Just created Canadians will be delighted to find out the Big Three will report first losses for the first three years and American Motors will switch that promise to five years for its compact four-wheel drive Eagle (17.557 in the U.S.) and New Renault 18 (18.907 in the U.S.) the



Unfortunately for Ford sharehoppers, there is one event that stands out above all others. Immediately following the 1974 energy crisis, a senior Ford executive was able to talk Henry Ford II into heavily financing a catastrophic small-bore front-wheel drive concept of small Honda power train. In 1975, however, Ford changed his mind, convinced the North American consumer would never be attracted to a car that didn't look like it needed hair on its head. This decision was, says the executive who was later fired, "the single largest tactical error in automotive history." His name was Lee Iacocca.

If there is a lead in this megalomaniac, it goes to Iacocca, mastermind of Ford's Mustang, Maverick and Pinto, and current chairman of the deeply troubled

about 30,000 more than the Ford's

beyond 1981 the only limitations are imagination. Everyone from GM to Toyota is talking about computer cars two or three-axis weighing only 1,200 kg and getting up to 4.8 liters per 100 km (65 m.p.g.). There are new ideas in fuel (the Japanese are experimenting with hydrogen), radar braking systems and microprocessors that could actually carry out temporary repairs while the car trips home. Gulf + Western Industries is experimenting with a zirconium battery that charges in 600 mAh and has a battery life of 10 hours for 300 km. Only problem is, with a 220 km cruising limit between charges, the Trans-Canada Highway would need to install wall plugs somewhere between Thunder Bay and Dryden.



Chrysler Corp. No one should be surprised that Moe Glass, head of Chrysler Canada, should refer to his been in "probably the most successful man in the world today," but it is a view shared by, among others, Herb Gray and Windsor union head Ray Gagnon. That Iacocca is a brilliant salesman is beyond doubt. But the death of Gray after he had sold 12.5 billion out of the 19 government, 2200 million in net assets out of Ontario, \$10 billion out of Ontario and, when he settled with the United Auto Workers (UAW) as Chrysler's latest victim, he left the table with \$457 million in compensation—the first time in 45 years out of the industry's Big Three has failed to outlast UAW contracts with the others.

But the company needs all the sympathetic license can come. Tipping over the edge of bankruptcy in the past year, there have been those who would have preferred push to pull. "Chrysler is not a winner," says former international trade minister Michael Wilson, who would have had such say in the Canadian liaison had the Tories stayed in power. "As we are doing," says U.S. Senator William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate banking committee, "is rewarding bad management, sparing the directors of the marketplace and distorting the forces of competition." But Iacocca still won the day.

The outcome is one of Canada's largest success stories of any kind, but not the kind of evidence of success that Iacocca was seeking. "It has a \$400-million worth of goods and services from over 3,000 Canadian suppliers every year. It provides about 40,000 jobs directly—and maybe five times as many indirectly. So, not providing the opportunity for its survival would have meant immediate harm to the economy, which would have been much more costly than its maintenance. We estimated that the first year of a Chrysler failure would have cost the taxpayer \$700 million to \$1 billion."



Former Harry Ford in the first car he built, with grandson, in 1984. (Top: Chase unemployment—inside) —Japan:

What we did, without spending a penny, was to prevent that."

The Canadian deal involves no money until 1982 and a commitment by Chrysler to invest \$1 billion in Canada over the next five years. But the key, for Gray and cabinet, was written job commitments, to which Iacocca was extremely reluctant to agree. For 1982-86, Chrysler Canada must employ at least 12 per cent of whatever number Chrysler employs in the U.S. The deal would mean Gray's agreement last May, "an employment level of 15,000 by 1987."

Gray and Chrysler both believe that figure was negotiable. Chrysler in January, however, told the U.S. department of transportation it was unwilling to undertake a detailed on-month study into the viability of Chrysler. This still-aspect report—much of it prepared by Transportation Systems Center of Cambridge, Mass.—is already two months overdue, and may be because much of the news is not very good. A portion of the preliminary study was recently obtained by Maclean's. It reveals worst- and best-case scenarios for Windsor, where Chrysler Canada (as well as Gray's rid-

ing) is located. Apart from complete Chrysler bankruptcy, the worst Windsor scenario involves only 2,000 jobs. But the very best Windsor can hope for, the report continues, is 12,000 jobs, or half the total number of which Gray based the \$600 million in government aid.

Windsor's mayor, Bert Weeks, sits in his office, his fingers pinching a clipping from the Ottawa Citizen as if it were dubious tabloid paper. It is another story on the agony of Windsor and a friend has mailed it along with a short note: "Why isn't the national media slapping us for picking an poor Windsor?" Weeks shakes his head in despair, flicks through the papers on his desk and tears up an argument. It is a report from the Windsor-Essex Development Commission, and it covers Windsor's employment levels from 1975 to 1984. "This is based on hard facts," he says as he reads the figures out: 46,138 in 1975, 45,000 today, 64,000 in 1984. "Temporary reserves," he says of the current auto dilemma. The turnaround, as he sees it, "will become pronounced by mid-1984." And then the Windsor tragedy starts to roll: There will be further employment reports at his door, fewer explanations as why someone has a couple of leaden hearts on the wall. Not real, he says, work of a local artist. They are there, sharing peculiar animals who have lost a single owner of industry, who survive today only because of government protection; who are unlike any other animal in the world in that the cash assist feed from the mother—a axon before daring to venture out on its own.

If Herb Gray had his way, the Canadian auto industry would grow up a bit, shake itself off its smug funding dependence. Gray is delighted as much by the investment commitments of Chrysler Canada as by an agreed restructuring of Chrysler Canada that will include, among other things, a government exit, moving to the corporation's board of directors. Canada has been paying heavily for U.S. parent-company decisions, and Gray is determined there will not be a repeat of the 1978 Canadian government grant to the Ford Motor Company of Canada, when Ottawa and Ontario gave \$10 million toward a new engine plant just to keep Ford afloat. Seven years later, Ford closed its old plant, resulting in a net loss of 500 jobs, according to the truck. Much of that infamous grant, paradoxically, was negotiated by Glass, son of his final act as president of Ford. "We learned some lessons from the Ford agreement, which I applied," says Gray.

But Canada has been playing second fiddle to the U.S. since 1984, when Harry Ford turned 177 chassis across the Detroit River to the Walkerville

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GMC workers protesting Toyota (left). Oakville's Pontiac plant "lost your Toyota."



GMC workers protesting Toyota (left). Oakville's Pontiac plant "lost your Toyota."

Wagons Works, while bodies and wheels were attached, and the cars sold to Canadians. Oh, there were glory years, say 1983, when Canada was the No. 2 auto-producer in the world and sold 47 per cent of its vehicles abroad. But a more telling story is to be found in 1976, when the auto deficit hit a record \$3.1 billion.

Since 1983 the Canadian automobile industry has been ruled by the U.S.-Canada auto pact, a controversial, complicated document that might be best described as a "Canadian content" rule for automobiles. It got off to a shaky start—Lyndon Johnson referred to Lester Pearson as "Hawley Wilcox" at the formal signing—but the early effects were mostly to Canada's benefit. Since then, car production has almost tripled and employment nearly doubled. Canada forced the agreement with well-planned limits at high tariffs to protect its fledgling industry, and the pact cut this talk off with a duty-free zone and a promise that Canada would have a "fair and equitable share" of the lucrative North American market, which was a great boost to import-competing plants that were mostly too small to compete with established American companies, but overcame by inexpensive parts and accessories. Initially the Americans felt taken, and were soon eager to change it. But Canada could have nothing to do with it. When the balance of trade began to shift heavily in favor of the Americans in the mid-'70s, thanks to a loosening car market everywhere, the Americans stopped complaining. And though Canadians did complain, particularly the parts manufacturers who were simply unable to compete with mass-produced, inexpensive parts from the Big Three, a 1978 federal commission still recommended against trying to rework the pact.

But the fact that in 1980 Herb Gray has officially invoked the renegotiation clause is instructive if that is all it is not. A Science Council of Canada report has given evidence that Canada has been a huge loser in areas like research, development and design (losing out on 1,400 engineering jobs, for starters), and that it has been a "discretionary clause" for Canadians to go on believing a free-trade pact could open up opportunities for new facilities in Canada. The parts



GM dealership pushing Cedars (above). Windsor sign: "temporary reversal"



producers are easily the biggest losers, with a \$1.1 billion trade deficit last year and some 20,000 jobs lost since 1973, and they, naturally, are most eager to see it changed. Gray may be balking, however, that the Americans are so nose-invested in talking today that Canadians were a decade ago. The Big Three like the pact just fine as it gives them more profits to spend, more control, more profits that can't be sucked off by tariff duties.

In hindsight, it can be seen that the "Canadian content" of the pact also has its pitfalls, despite impressive gains in Canadian automobile production. To bring up overall percentages, the companies have had it advantages to produce a disproportionate number of large cars in Canada (Oldsmobiles coming from St. Thomas, Que., Ford from Oakville, Ont., Chrysler Canadas from Windsor). And as the industry

clearly moves toward what is being called the "world car"—one smaller car for all countries, with interchangeable parts produced in a far-ranging variety of nations—parts in setting in among Canadian parts manufacturers. "Not one of the parts in these new world cars is scheduled to be built in Canada," says Desmond Donaldson, chairman of the Automobile Parts Manufacturers Association of Canada.

And there are indeed worrisome signs. Most recently, GM abandoned the all-V-8 engine plant in Windsor as he converted to a V-6 plant, but when the small-car majority burst onto the scene a new decision was made to pour \$10 million into a four-cylinder engine plant in Mexico. The Windsor plant was closed yesterday and the workers laid off. And a week after the first "car-of-the-future," the X-car, rolled off the Detroit assembly line, Chrysler Canada unveiled its new "Y" car. With Gregory Peck looking on and Frank Sinatra there to kick up the heels to the first car, the full glory of the Y emerged: a \$23,000 Isuzu Imperial, complete with a \$10,000-each V-8 engine and rear-wheel drive. A beautiful car, to be sure, but hardly the car of the future. Windsor can only pray Leland L. Linder, vice-president of the Massachusetts consulting firm Rath & Strong, is right in his assessment that the new economy will be based on a "leaner, meaner, faster" car.

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Gray with Japanese auto officials (above); the workers had to take the possibility



new day holds only the promise of further frustration, yet another desperate phone call. "The patient was sick," he says slowly. "Then it got pneumonia. Unfortunately, it's been the workers who've had to take the penicillin." There are few laughs these days, not from the sign on his office wall, either. PLACEMENT—MADE IN JAPAN, certainly not from the placard he saw recently at GM's convention. "IF YOU'RE HAVING EASY PLACEMENT, GET OUT OF HERE."

Herb Gray, head of Chrysler Canada, edits the longest issuance "in the book," and wonders whether that is as overly optimistic appraisal of the \$1.9 billion worth of imports sold in Canada last year (31.7 per cent of the Canadian market), or the stunning 52.2 per cent of the American market imports snared in July, which was more than its hometown Ford and Chrysler could both muster.

Detroit, incidentally, is no longer the world's leading autoaker. For an entire year now, that honor has belonged to Japan. And while they may fare poorly in the crash tests, in particular—Japanese cars—aren't emerging out of successive tests without a scratch. In the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's 1980 test of fuel-mileage, the first 45 are all imports. Consumers Union has branded them more dependable, trade-in value is significantly higher and even Lee Iacocca will concede that, "It's thin and freshen, they do better."

The Americans are so worried about imports that two Democratic senators from Michigan have introduced Senate legislation to give the president legal power to restrict the Japanese flow. Re-



Inside Japan's Toyota factory (above left); including Detroit's new Westbrook, R.C. (above); new Camaro 1.8 SKU's "rip"



ally, Ford and the GM posed their, calling for a ceiling limit of 1.7 million units, which would be 500,000 fewer than were sold in the U.S. last year. The Americans point to their automobile tariff wall—25 per cent—and claim to India, which allows only 20,000 Japanese cars a year to enter. What the Americans would really like is for the Japanese to locate plants there, as Volkswagen of America has. And as Honda is currently doing in Ohio. But with Toyota and Nissan showing only lukewarm enthusiasm, Johnny Carter—long in favor of free trade and long angry at Detroit's failure to respond to the energy crisis—may be about to change in favor of actual restrictions.

Canada, which sells \$4 billion worth of raw materials each year to Japan, would like to avoid the sticky side of negotiations. Gray's recent trip to Japan

was to persuade the Japanese automakers to act out of good faith and at least insure the Canadian parts manufacturers if fall-back plants are not immediately possible. But as far as action

Franklin Del Green wraps his hat around a fresh blue at Hadley's, a Windsor pub near the Chrysler plant, leans forward to comment: Bob Seger's Against the Wind and needles and pins. Against the Wind and needles and pins. "I'm not going to be here much longer," he says. "They're not very nice, they're friendly, happy. They come up and compliment you. Not like at Ford. They were on my ass there, 'cause this been was always on their ass." Del Corro, like many other workers and not a few analysts, thinks the tide has not turned, that only with its cash reserves and proven success with the X-car, can roll confidently toward 1980. Chrysler's troubles are a matter of public record. In Washington, they are calling Ford "the Chrysler of 1985." "My word, eh?" Del Green says. "He works on the site at Dearborn, so he hears a lot. He says, 'You think that is bad, you ain't seen nothing yet.'"

The decade ahead says U.S. Secretary of Transportation Neil Goldschmidt, will be "one of international competition, unlike anything we have witnessed before." He speaks of "shock waves" to come, as the industry restructures itself, smaller probably, far less need, for more plastics, alloys, computer chips. More robotics, fewer workers.

In Windsor, however, the mayor looks for the 10,000 jobs the Windsor-Ford Vehicle Development Commission has negotiated between now and 1984. Herb Gray, told of the American report that easts water to the future 15,000 Chrysler Canada workers, refuses to comment, saying he retains his full confidence. "Not a chance," says the NIP's auto industry critic Jim Deans of the 15,000. Adds union head Ray Cognac: "There are those who've had off now who'll never come back. We afraid. We've got to get kidding ourselves."

Down at Leamington, at the Canada Farm Labor Pool, general manager Kevin Neumann says that, so far, none of the laid-off auto workers have signed up to pick tomatoes at 37 cents a hunger. But that does not mean they're remaining optimistic about getting back on the assembly line, says back at the University of Windsor, sociology professor Seymour Fisher and his eight student helpers are trying to assess the impact of the auto strike on a select group of 200 laid-off auto workers. Unfortunately, some can't be found to be interviewed with files from Ian MacLennan

But will the robot fetch hot coffee?



By Gillian MacKay

The two sentences are fired out with polite but barely suppressed impatience. A revolution is at hand, and Michael Copeland, president of Mifel Corp., aims to be in its front lines. Not for him the idle chit-chat by the photocopier machine, the slow shuffling of papers, the seconds it takes to dial a telephone number, all rituals of "business activity." He would love to abolish it in every office. Near his desk at the harbinger of change, a computer and a telephone terminal, a local student telephone the size of a paper back novel. At the moment, he admits, "I just play with them." But before too long, these tools may be the tools of the electronically linked "office of the future," as familiar as pad and pencil, if not an entrepreneurship. And, if Copeland has his way, the suburban Mississauga-based Mifel, Canada's hottest high-technology firm, will be a leading supplier to what is expected to be a multi-billion-dollar market. "Everyone is aware of what should be done, but nobody's there yet," he says, a bit annoyed. "We're in a race, and we want to win."

It will be the longest leg yet for Mifel's two main shareholders, Copeland and Terry Matthews, Mifel's chairman vice-president, whose goal is \$1 billion in sales by 1989. To speed the way, they recently bid \$6.8 million (U.S.) for Applied Digital Data Systems Inc. (ADDI), a U.S. computer terminal manufacturer, which is trying to block the bid in court on the grounds that the price is too low. With or without ADDI, Copeland says Mifel will reach the announced es-

ecutive, then chairman, of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Just in time to extend the name of the fledgling Mifel. Such persistence paid off last year when AT&T, which, like Bell Canada, generally prefers to buy from its own manufacturing subsidiary, honored Mifel's \$10-million computerized switchboard for use in its system. In fact, the widespread opening up of perspective that is taking place around the world in the monopoly-ridden telephone industry offers exciting opportunities to independents such as Mifel, which Copeland says are often more innovative because "we have not had our orders handed to us on a platter."

Many companies in Mifel's now well-established position would have been content to stick with telecommunications



by doubling sales every year, as it has since its founding in 1978 ("Anything less than that would mean slow death"), but apparently confident as the two 27-year-old British-born engineers are, Mifel's success has not passed over them easily. In 1982, Matthews, from Sudbury, Ontario Ltd., the technology arm of a company that at the time was controlled by Bell Canada, then managed to start the company on a mere \$20,000 in joint savings supplemented by a monthly loan of \$10,000 raised from outside investors. They were impressed by the bona fides of Matthews' partnership with the cooler strategic brilliance of Copeland, the designer of Mifel's early products. Says Ottawa lawyer Kevin Plunkett, a now vastly enriched original bolder: "It was about as risky as anything you've ever seen. But there was a spryng or magnetism they exuded when they got together that made it easy to believe people."

Waging credibility, from customers for what began as a four-man operation was more difficult. When one potential buyer demanded to see the operation, Copeland and Matthews ran around their office building, pasting Mifel signs on the doors of the other tenants who agreed to pose as Mifel technicians. On another occasion, Matthews quoted John de Brito at Chicago's O'Hare airport and barricaded the astonished es-

ecutive, then chairman, of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Just in time to extend the name of the fledgling Mifel. Such persistence paid off last year when AT&T, which, like Bell Canada, generally prefers to buy from its own manufacturing subsidiary, honored Mifel's \$10-million computerized switchboard for use in its system. In fact, the widespread opening up of perspective that is taking place around the world in the monopoly-ridden telephone industry offers exciting opportunities to independents such as Mifel, which Copeland says are often more innovative because "we have not had our orders handed to us on a platter."

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Stranded with his shadows

MUSIC FOR CHAMELEONS

by Truman Capote
©HarperCollins, Canada \$14.95

"I am an alcoholic. I'm a drug addict. I'm homosexual. I'm a genius." That is Truman Capote's self-portrait, one the public knows well. Because of the talk shows and gossipy columnists, the last characteristic may have been buried by the first three. *Music for Chameleons*, a collection of stories and portraits of people both famous and ordinary, including a nonfiction account of an unsolved series of crimes called "The Coffey Murders," is a provocative, distinctive, compelling and even haunting work—if words can be said to move across a page like plants. The man



Capote: a genius alone in dark recesses, with his deck of cards and a whip

who wrote *In Cold Blood* may have often lost his grip, but never lost that gift. That gift (he writes in a preface), given by God, is also accented, pained by a whip "intended solely for self-flagellation." Where has the book come from? The last sentence of the perfume tells with naked beauty: "Meanwhile, I'm here alone in my dark audience, all by myself with my deck of cards—and, of course, the whip God gave me."

Capote's title is transparent as his prose style: "simple, clear as a country creek." *This Music for Chameleons* is a dirge for humanism, for all the people who keep changing color when they find themselves caught, snared in the complexity of their own lives. Motivated by guilt, fear and frustration, they lie, evade and pretend; the end result runs all the way from heartache to murder. Nearly every story in this collection has subterfuge and deception as its theme, abandonment and sorrow for its denouement. Nearly every character is left alone, stranded with his shadow for company: the old blind man changed into a dog by his young wife and her lover in "Mojo"; the once-successful businessman in "Hicks" changes painfully and progressively tries to convince

himself and Capote that his relationship with little girls is due to pedagogical reminiscence; in the ocean he found a note in a bottle from a lonely little girl.

Each story, whether a memoir of Marilyn Monroe or an account of a day spent with a black-clearing lady, is the same story told by a different voice. Same sounds, just different inflections. The narrative flow, as in John Cheever's work, engulfs the attention, especially as in "Handcuffed Coffins." The writer's second intention was "to analyze, disperse, not manufacture them" and that, to a great degree, feels the flow. Writers are forever being stoned as apples—the apple—is the form of a sheep, serpentine style. Capote hasn't bitten this one.

Snow in Chameleons looks on in fear/fascination at the mystery of all the miseries around us. In "Norwood Parcage," a self-taught, Capote suggests an answer most of us may not want to hear: "I love you," says Truman. "I love you, too," replies Truman. "You'd better," says Truman back. "Because when you get right down to it, all we've got is each other. Alone. To the grave. And that's the tragedy, isn't it?"

Lawrence O'Toole

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *Joshua Tree and Wine*, Aschler [1]
- 2 *The blouse, Windfall*, Aschler [2]
- 3 *Rape of Angels*, Shulman [3]
- 4 *Wives, Wives*, Nigro [5]
- 5 *Requiem for a Nun*, Paine [4]
- 6 *Princess Satip*, Kristof [10]
- 7 *Smiley's People*, Le Carre [7]
- 8 *The Fifth Horseman*, Online & Lapierre
- 9 *Sire of the Fathers*, Nowakoff [8]
- 10 *The Bleeding Heart*, Preesch [3]

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Third Wave*, Toffler [1]
- 2 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*
- 3 *Reversal of Fortune*, Madeline [3]
- 4 *The Real Deal*, Hayes [2]
- 5 *The Nautilus White*, Rhodes [4]
- 6 *Confessions, America* [2]
- 7 *Will, Lucy* [3]
- 8 *Ways of Escape*, Deenne [7]
- 9 *Shelley, Wholen* [5]
- 10 *Managing in Turbulent Times*, Gruenwald [1]
- 11 *How to Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate*, Avery
- 12 *Prison Letters*



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Cities

Downtown looks good again



By Kasper Douglas

I would have seemed blasphemous to the very idea of suburbs to suggest, just two years ago, that anyone from the suburbs might want to leave the provinces—and, ever since the Second World War, the dream of leaving all our North American cities has pointed in just one direction: away from the city to the suburbs, or the Little Places on the Prairies beyond. Anywhere but back to the terrifying darkness that, we assume who sentence us to public drama known first at the heart of the megalopolis—megalopolis?

But in some suburban conversations these days the neighbors don't even look up when a motorist's van breaks the silence. In one young community on Toronto's outer fringes, Bob Best, a 31-year-old plumber whose job and heart are in Toronto, hears a van and grows. Come October, he'll be landing on himself. With his 3½-year-old daughter, Sandy, and wife, Jane, a nurse at the Hospital for Sick Children, Best is moving into a Portuguese-Italian neighborhood practically within the

shadow of the CN Tower, to a three-storey house that has been home to 10 immigrants. "People are leaving the suburbs every day," Best says. "Some move to other suburbs but most all the time are in back-to-towns."

Last December, I impulsively took an airplane in metropolitan cities across Canada—other than that, like India "of a certain age"—have enough going for them to live off their past. George Baird, an architecture professor at the University of Toronto, says it is still too early for centres like Edmonton or Calgary but, almost everywhere to the east of the trend of the largest three cities—Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal—is being repeated on a much smaller scale. It is going on in Quebec City and Ottawa, and to a lesser degree in Halifax and even regional centres like London, Ont.

"One school of thought says the suburban dream is dead," says Toronto's chief planner, Stephen McLaughlin, "while the other suggests it's part of the maturation of cities—the end of a framework set—like what happened 50 years ago to New York." The statistics are running far ahead of the statistics—the next census is planned for 1981—but downtown realtors estimate that 30 per cent of buyers in Toronto now come from the suburbs. In Montreal, the figure is closer to 50 per cent.

The trend hardly seems credible. Just a few years ago, the last vestiges of post-war optimism in the rates were "the rents in the land." Like their American counterparts, Canadian cities suffered downward re-estimation, to grow hollow and abandoned by all but the poor, the old and the terminally ethnic. From 1971 to 1976 Toronto suffered the biggest drain of its history, losing nearly 60,000. Since then the exodus has eased. Baird says "we wouldn't be surprised if it has stopped at even received its new."

Even in Vancouver, where old geography makes the downtown area more difficult to define, Trish French of the planning office says there is a much greater demand for city housing. Barry Rose, Toronto's building commissioner, simply notes that what was merely a trend is now a torrent.



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"Downtown housing has become an issue like motherhood," says Mark Lendos, director of Heritage Montreal. "It's one of the answers to every urban problem." Last September, a \$25-million downtown revitalization project was launched to foster construction of 2,500 dwellings a year in Montreal for the next four years. In the first two months, 1,500 had already been built—and quickly occupied. Forestor's ambitious plan for 40,000 new housing units by the end of 1985 is about 50-per-cent realized and two-thirds of the dwellings built privately have gone up right in the core area."

To work, the housing has to be the right kind. In Vancouver's central Kitsilano and Fairview Slopes areas, the resurgence began only after high-rise towers were ousted. "People wanted condominiums, not wholesale high-rise construction," explains French. "We downgraded them into mostly residential areas." New townhouse developments soon appeared, and restoration of older houses began. In Vancouver's once-shabby area, has become synonymous with the renovation of sheet metal. Two-thirds of all houses built so far—dramatic as expected in Montreal, if city council passes a plan to similarly "downgrade" certain neighborhoods.

Before neighborhood preservation became a political issue in the '70s, living downtown in big cities was a matter of economic necessity for young families—a source of cheap "starter" houses but it quickly turned into a fad, fueled by real estate agents and characterized by dilapidated exteriors and white walls. Given the economic gravity of an OFC-dominated world, what was then already new became the stamp of wisdom. Says Bob Bent: "My wife and I work practically at the same place downtown, but we have different shifts so we need both cars. That's 50 miles daily, each or \$200 a month in winter, \$100 in summer. When an association told me I could carry an additional \$17,000 on my mortgage for that, I knew I had to move."

Lots are transport enough for clothing designer Anne Buchan and John Wertschek, a 45-year-old design teacher. Eight months ago, they moved into a sleek house in Vancouver's Strathcona district, a 12-storey walk-up downtown. Wertschek admits he's lucky. "The house is 75 years old, originally built by Vancouver starchitects. You just can't get houses like that because nobody in Strathcona wants to sell, even ever."

But it is clear that this "internalization of urbanism," as Baird likes to call the downtown phoenix, is more than a placebo for the country's economic dilemma. "There's no question we now have city folks and suburban

types," says Bob Bent. "My suburban friends think I'm crazy to bring up my daughter in the city. In fact, I'd bring her up anywhere except the suburbs." Adds Mary Savage, a renter whose occupancy is thriving in the east-central Residential section of Toronto: "There's definitely such a thing as a 'city person,' and it's far more than a question of income." It's a whole attitude. When I moved it 15 years ago, there was an all-Greek community around. My friends thought I was mad—people were still afraid of the city core then. Now, you can't keep them away."

All ages are represented in the downtown shift, including older suburban couples who tend to buy condominiums and "want to make their last move a contemporary one," says Terry Mills, a young Toronto architect who's a partner in The Master Building Group, which expects to sell about \$3 million worth of new and renovated homes this year. The majority, though, are young people—part of the demographic "bulge" known as the baby-boom generation. They need homes now to raise their families—sometimes two homes, to house the separate halves of an unsuccessful marriage.

Professor Larry Bourne, director of the Centre for Urban and Community

housing by less affluent members of the baby-boom generation fans through a city, families with middle or upper-middle incomes buy out those with lower incomes and renovate the houses, a process the English have rather archly termed "gentrification." Gentrification goes on in 70 cities west of North America, across Canada, says, but what's unusual is Canada, especially Toronto, is that it's not accompanied by decay elsewhere in the city.

However, while gentrification may do wonders for a city physically, it could end up being disastrous socially. Far as Toronto's McLaughlin points out, the people already displaced by gentrification tend to be the poor—who often have little choice but to retreat with their troubles to public housing in the suburbs. Already, in fact, a densely populated stretch of suburban Toronto known as the Jane-Pinch corridor has taken the place of the city core in media depictions of an urban hell. Bob Bent sees early warnings of a similar problem in his community, including notes that public housing will be built there shortly. "On taking a look selling my house now, just four years after I bought it, it's in another tier. I don't think I could sell it at all. And in 10, 20 places is just going to be a sham."



Buchan, Wertschek, downtowners "qualified"

Studies at the University of Toronto say the impact of the new "core-crush" is far more significant than their numbers. They're creating a ripple effect, he says, that leaves no neighborhood untouched. "An increase for

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The hustle goes to school

By Val Pries

Whatever The Greeting Board makes in Toronto screens its popular *Canada Illustrated Film Festival*, fast-food diners get down their salad forks and order more and analyze each ad about 600 times, they warp assess message and technique, they tick it up and can hawk at the screen like a class room full of kids. This is not all an ad-wise generation, writes Paul McHugh and Tim Holtz-Pearson. Yet the fifth dimension with which they analyze the ads' marketing spin-off development in the advertising disease retransmits. Advertisers once a simple health-waring reluctant buyer to product, is increasingly passing as its stickler rather than seducer.

The ad campaign of sensations is here, notes Progressive Conservative pollster Allan Gregg, president of Decima Research Limited. "Advertising budgets are flowing now from the product people to public affairs departments." The "ad-as-of" campaigns can be split into two basic lesion formats. First, there are advocacy ads, such as Irwin's fellow newspaper column crusaders—tests graphs and chemical terms explaining the belated company's pollution-statement efforts and its version of the acid rain controversy. Government, too, fight specific issues through ads. The federal government does that its own to fulfill its constitutional obligation that it is patiently waitressed even though the government crass course

was assassinated last month amid rumors of a national referendum on the participation of the constitution. In contrast to the first but rather narrow concern of the advocacy ads are aware campaigns by corporations or industries like General Motors' "You can tell we're Canadian—General's \$500-million capital investment program in Canada, sign it loud and clear." These ads are meant to build a basic amount of goodwill and public confidence by giving broad background information to demonstrate the company's useful role in the economy or society in large bulk types of passage, along with government-supported advertising whose ads are brief, direct and easy to digest. So, here is the assumption that the public is not really uninterested—but uninterested, lacking only the right data and control of voices. And in the spotters are easily reading the motives in teachers: "We try to get across the basic facts," explains John O'Connor, Ontario Hydro's director of public relations. "We

have to put [the message] in language that a person with a Grade 9 education can understand."

Of course, advocacy and image advertising are nothing new. They have always flourished in times of threat. Whenever there has been talk of public health concern in the U.S., for example, doctors' voices have grown more urgent than propagandists with a minute left in class. At present, public-health-image campaigns still account for less than 10 per cent of North America's private ad budget expenditures, but that seems more than a starting point. It will continue to grow, especially as other than present. Why? One reason is that so few billions are at stake in debates on subjects such as pollution, nuclear power and northern development. Meanwhile, growing consumer pessimism about the economy averages with calls for more corporate and government accountability. As Elizabeth Watson, associate editor of Marketing Magazine, observes, "These ads aren't selling products, but the right to create products." Imperial Oil is in the middle of a \$150,000 print campaign to explain how its recent \$2-per-gal jump in profits will be used to the ultimate benefit of consumers, while Duofos's ads inform, "We're producing more steel but polluting less."

Given the media were more reliable ideological allies. Now some investigative and consumer reporters are self-appointed public defenders. So relatively governments and corporations want to buy space to tell what they per-



ceive as "the information gap." Invariably, too, sponsors must seek new formats in order to reach the skeptical public. One successful ad-savvy hybrid is the "advertorial," an advertising supplement within a magazine that contains no editorial staff and carefully prepared by agency staff and creative partners editorial material to complement the sponsor's ads. One example is the glossy *Southern Ontario* special Canadian unity message that was inserted just before the Quebec referendum in several Canadian magazines, including *Maclean's*.

Some advertising strategies are more explicitly academic. Where individual corporations' interests might seem self-centered, industries are clashing together to build alternative sounding public information institutions such as the Petroleum Resources Commission Foundation. A striking example of ad-in-of was launched by the Insurance Bureau of Canada back in 1968. Its "Let's Fix Enterprise" campaign designed print, radio and TV ads (the latter were burned by the CBC for being too "controversial," i.e. pro-capitalist). Nevertheless, the campaign later blossomed with lots for high schools and teachers. The foundation, which was founded in 1968 as the New Ontario Hydro is making energy information kits available to teachers for use in high schools.

The public is already buying some of these campaigns—or rather, "learning" from them. A Washington public interest group study recently concluded that a vigorous corporate ad campaign in Colorado in 1976 resulted in the defeat by referendum of three proposals that had initially enjoyed public support. Another American study detected a small but significant increase in the stock sales of companies that had taken time to explain their track records and future plans. And when Alberta Union of Provincial Government Employees spent \$100,000 in the media and press to assess the responsibility of a wage deferral this April, it was so effective that their interests—solidarity and public backs them—had a short, successful strike—that it is spending the same amount next year on "public education."

Kristin Skarlicki, board chairman at Canadian Trend Report, a Montreal-based think tank, suggests that it is background information campaigns that are the most effective because they appear the least self-interested. The Pulp and Paper Institute of Canada's newest forest industry background campaign, for example, triggered a quadrupling of news stories on industry issues. While corporations regard it as a matter of "freedom of corporate speech" to reply in ads to their critics, controver-

sies sympathetic when public interest groups complain they can't afford equal space or airtime to present the opposing view. Thus summer, Energy Probe spokesman Norman Rubin appeared before the Ontario Energy Board to argue against the Ontario Electricity Retailer's proposed rate increases. Rubin's public relations and information efforts, an extravagant and unnecessary exercise in raising the cost of power. Rubin also took advantage of a pamphlet called *What Is Radiation?* which relegated to section cancer and genetic defects.

Some people applaud the ad-as-of trend as a new way of government and corporate openness; others worry about

the blurring of the lines between advertising and objective fact. At present, no Canadian laws have enshrined the right to reply to "corporate free speech" as the U.S. Federal Communications Commission has. In 1977 it ordered a Washington, D.C., television station to apologize for airing a commercial for the National Education Association that was critical of teachers. The association sued and the Canadian public court of the day—the student court, it can speak up and condemn its self-appointed teachers, but far better "if enough people stand against us," Bill McHugh, advertising manager of Ontario Hydro, cheerfully admits, "we'd have to back down." □

This symbol assures you
there is order in the
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When you see it printed on advertising mail or mailed order ads, you know that it's from someone you trust. So when you step by and you take you'll receive exactly what you ordered.

The symbol shows that the seller is a member of the Canadian Direct Mail & Marketing Association. We want our members abide by a tough 16-point code of ethics and follow the highest standards of practice in this growing field.

Our members work for publishers and order catalogues, book clubs and music dealers, stereo stores, financial institutions, insurance firms, schools, government agencies, their represent about 30% of the direct mail industry.

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If you've had poor treatment from a mail order seller after trying to resolve the problem with the seller, write in your name and experience. Give us as much information as you can. We'll get after them for you, member or non-member and we will do our best to resolve the problem for you.

Or, write us if you want your name taken off or added on to the mailing lists of our members, we'll off the our members' lists. It's been our operation since 1975. The current to date is 3,774 people wanted off and 1,440 wanted on.

Written too, if you'd like a free copy of our highly informative brochure "Dear Mail and You," it discusses many aspects of the direct mail industry. For copies, write to: CDMMA, 150 Consumers Road, Suite 485, Willowdale, Ontario M2J 1P9.

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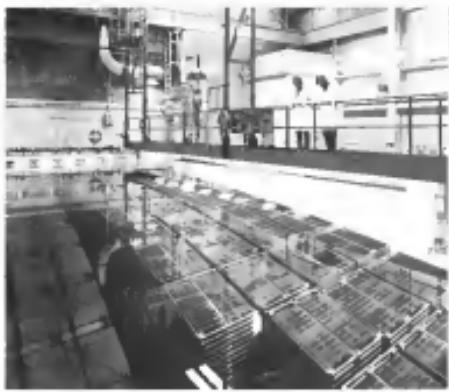
The deadly corpse of nuclear power

By Michael Clugston

Those are森ous words." The author of the small half-in-

White Lake, Ont., inserted directly and apparently as he followed man spoke up. "Wherever the government says it will not do something, a shrewd doer opposite can you explain to them that the public

that, according to a key report released last month by the Ontario Energy Board, Canada's nuclear power program is in danger of founders. This reiteration stems from more than a natural reognition at the notion of life beside a nuclear dump. It comes from deep distrust of the utility, the Crown corporation charged with both the promotion of



can't accept weasel words when they've lost so much credibility?" Just outside town several small artifical holes pierce the granite of the pre-Cambrian shield, scars from earlier geological studies. It was toward these small holes that the townspeople directed distasteful eyes at a public meeting last summer—for it was there that the Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. (AECL) wanted permission to do research in its effort to solve an oppressive dilemma: the disposal of radioactive wastes from nuclear power plants.

In Canada, as elsewhere nuclear garbage dump will open for business until the 21st century. Yet public resistance to research into the methods of disposal is already strong—so strong

nuclear energy and the disposal of its wastes. And while critics charge one fact of interest: many townspeople react to AECL's assurances with the thought "weasel words."

Ontario MP Jim Pashby, vice-chairman of the select committee, is not alone in tracing today's dilemma to yesterday's "unwarranted natural arrogence" on the part of the nuclear industry. "They proceeded with nuclear energy without knowing how to deal with the waste problem," he explains. "They adopted a risk variety of theories—such as the stuff was safe, bury it under the polar ice cap, have no waste—no—no absolutely reliable solution has been found. Wastes have been dumped into the world's oceans for years, or the assumption that they would be diluted into a harmless concentration. Now the international community of nuclear scientists has singled out deep burial in stable rock formations as the more promising answer. It is an instinctively comforting notion—hundreds of metres of bedrock as a buffer zone—but neither the U.S. nor Germany, although 30 to 35 years ahead of Canada in the search, has been able to settle on a site. "In the U.S. we have had a helter-skelter finding one of these sites in 35 years," California

state spent last May [1970]. Alberta did site demonstration [below]; more than just reprobation.



Treasure Island Rum.



A light, white, mellow tasting rum blended from imported Caribbean rums backed by over 300 years' distilling experience. At a price you'll treasure.

Moichev Vodka.



Moichev is the slavic word for the bear! It's a crystal, sparkling vodka that we put over 300 years' experience into. For your rubles, you can't buy a vodka made with more care.

Hudson's Bay Gin.



A clean, crisp London Dry Gin, triple distilled for extra dryness. There are 300 years' distilling experience behind it and a very popular price on it.

Hudson's Bay Distillers

After three centuries, Canadians are still discovering Hudson's Bay.

sia Energy Commissioner Bruno Vaillant told the Ontario select committee. The main problem with propane disposal is finding a rock formation where groundwater will not penetrate and many radioactive tritium has to leach.

"In a way, this is a social issue that's almost irrelevant to our era," says David Foster of Energy Pathways, a group committed to improving communications in the nuclear debate. "After using up the good part of the resources, we're faced with the problem of the parts we don't use." Between 1980 and 2000, Ontario will add another 10,000 megawatts of nuclear power. In the case, one major concern rests with uranium waste pellets which, once a small fraction of their energy has been released across southern Ontario, as reactors are no longer useful. The rods are placed in large cooling pools of water near the reactors, safe enough as long as stations even for most nuclear critics. But these early, plutonium pools take in a total of 1,200 lb of waste every day from Ontario's half-dozen operating reactors (Canada's only other reactors, in Quebec and New Brunswick, are not yet in use). By the year 2000, provided no new reactors are built, that will amount to 80,000 tons—enough to fill a Canadian football field between the 25-yard lines to a depth of 45 m trees. A solution must be found so that this refuse does not become the legacy of generations—that is one of the few points on which nuclear critics and the industry agree.

The uranium is used for about one year in a reactor, but as waste it throws off high levels of radioactivity for about 500 years, fading to a level that, in 17,000 years, equals its original one had. But those rays remain hazardous for a quarter to half-a-million years. Apart from reducing cancers, the most efficient measure may one day prove to be the deletion of the authors and end-users in documents of progeny.

Canada's waste-management program was drawn up in 1978 and called for the 1990s to pass by 2000, the assumption that nuclear wastes can be safely separated and stored here took such credence. A radioactive separation was to ready for use by the year 2000. In their hearings in Whitchurch-Stouffville, Mississauga, and Chalk River, Ont., select committee have pressed ahead with a cynicism designed to find an impermeable "bolthole" that will sustain criticism for hundreds of years. In the field, geologists are drilling and studying the cracking patterns of deep granite for nations skilled physics, while other specialists are trying to plan the flow of groundwater—a study in its infancy. But the failure of science so far to solve the waste puzzle has led Sweden, West Germany, California, and nine other

American states to curb nuclear expansion until the problem is finally solved.

Degrade this market-oriented failure, however, Arthur Arkin, a former vice-president of AECL, once declared: "Waste management is not a technical problem, but a public relations problem." Critics of the nuclear program see such optimistic remarks as a source of the Canadian public's mistrust of the people in charge of nuclear waste. Says Norman Rubin, director of the independent organization Energy Probe: "It's in their [AECL's] interest as generators of the nuclear fuel to ensure that the public goes along with nearly anything you say. And that's not the same as having it in your interest that the problem be solved properly."

The problem of trust has not only delayed the program in several years, it has also caused the waste-management program in a climate of drift. The regulator says you have to prove it's safe before you can drill; the scientists say



Rubin (above) thinks a social issue that's already anchored itself at our era



Barnes (left) remains unsolved by 1990

But the select committee's report last week called overdrift, the most serious weakness in the program, since "the decision to proceed with the program is unacceptable to the people of Ontario." It mandates the long-term and public debate over nuclear wastes, the report concludes that the AEC, despite its efforts, could never have sold itself to the skeptical public given its "unaudited, overly positive and broadly generic presentation of information." Instead, it recommends that a new agency be established by the Canadian and Ontario governments to take public responsibility. For both the program and a new open approach toward the public.

Even if these sad messes, other recommendations are soon wedded to the Canadian program, a fundamental question of remain unanswered for years to come. As Norman Rubin puts it: "The question is not whether AEC or Canada has the expertise to solve the problem, but who would have the expertise?" And that leads to another question: is the problem solvable? Nobody has the answer to that one yet. □

Make a little investment in a company that's growing by leaps and bounds.

It all began just over a quarter of a century ago when a fledgling company known as the National Ballet began to dance.

Today, this same troupe has grown to become one of the world's foremost classical ballet companies. However, despite this growth, The National Ballet of Canada still finds itself in need of financial support.

You see, ticket revenue does not cover the cost of performing. In fact, a full house only accounts for half the cost. Although governments contribute about a third of the total cost, the balance of the money must be raised elsewhere. And that, as you may have gathered, is where we'd like you to stage your entrance.

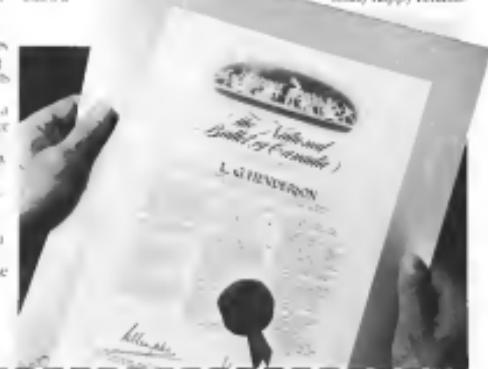
Make a little investment in the National Ballet by sending us \$25 or more. We'll make you a full young member, give you advance opportunities to purchase tickets, a subscription to the

Ballet newsletter and a membership card.

If you send us \$100 or more, you'll have an even better opportunity to order tickets in advance for our Spring and Fall seasons (and in a world of standing room only that's a

nice thing to have). We'll also acknowledge your enthusiastic support by including your name in our donor program and by presenting you with an exquisitely designed Ballet Gift Bond.

The National Ballet of Canada. We wish you many happy returns.



I'D LIKE TO INVEST IN A COMPANY THAT'S GROWING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

Please enroll me for a full year's membership in The National Ballet of Canada.

I am renewing my membership I am a new member

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROVINCE _____

PHONE _____
Please mail your cheque with this coupon to:
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Toronto, Ontario M5A 1J9

I am enclosing my membership fee of \$25
(or more).

I am enclosing a donation to the \$100 or
\$100 range, and I'd like to receive my \$40 Ballet
Gift Bond.

I am enclosing a donation of \$1000 (or more)
and look forward to receiving my \$400 Ballet
Gift Bond.

Please add my name to the mailing list at \$25
each (I'd like to receive my name and address
of each recipient).

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____



Bill Murray and Chris Makepeace in "Wishbone" (left); Dennis Hopper in "Link," opening with \$2 million, grossing over \$30 million.

Films

Only days before last Wednesday's opening of the fourth World Film Festival in Montreal, it was hard to know what dooms to the show. Should it be slowly slitting those gowns and tastefully tailored suits, or the latest in dressing down in artfully rumpled cotton? Would Montreal's movie moguls once again be putting on the Rita, outdoing one another with one lavish affair after another? Would they repeat the parties at the past, producer Pierre David with a discreet reception on the floor of the Montreal Stock Exchange, producer partners Robert Lantos and Stephen Roth carrying guests to a candlelit evening at Moore Royal Harold Greenberg arranging a sumptuous buffet at the stately Ritz-Carlton Hotel? Or would a single, low-key luncheon be laugher to the point?

While the films are the major attraction of the festival, for those that come and the passing public, there is no question that, for the Montreal film industry, the week is a chance to gossip, to trade figures on last year's totals, put out feelings for new year's. It means napping, eating, talking, and spending money in Montreal that I do in '86," reasons David last year. "It's funny, I'm going. Here I'm home. I pick up the check."

But amid the chitchat there's bound to be a person or two who doesn't fit. Claude Léveillé's made-in-Montreal production, *The Lurdy Star* with Rod Steiger, was chosen to open

last year's festival, having already been well received in closed film-market screenings at Cannes. Producers Denis Héroux, Joseph Beaubien and John Keay will be accepting bodies for producing Oscar-Matty's *Montreal City U.S.A.* with Bert Lancaster, Sean Connery and Kate Nelligan, near Montreal producers have stayed active in distributing or smaller-scale production, keeping the cash flowing while the reserves are tied up in prime features. It's the perfect edge against the stamp of frustration production, something. Manufacturers are used to the few seen scenes and busts, notably in French-language production in the early '70s.

Right now, though, are just a little concerned about the health of Hollywood and North America make them nervous, and what else can you do? A jump from 21 films made in 1978 to 35 in 1979. Almost half of those films—20 to be exact (12 English, nine French)—were made in Montreal. The total cost of Canadian films has exploded as well—\$28,741,213 in '78, approximately \$50 million in '79. David, the slender and intense 30-year-old president of *Montreal International*, stakes his head: "Last year was a landslide," he explains. "Nobody really wanted it that way, it just happened. It was a giant free-fall. Anyone who wanted to be a producer could do it because there were anyone could be a producer."

In Montreal, movies aren't so much viewed as heard and felt. For the most part, the Montreal moguls have learned the business the hard way—from the

duction of Claude Léveillé's *A nous deux*. Catherine Deneuve stars back, that could be beautiful for a little rippled by summer's heatwave. Heroes is discussing another position in the Canadian film industry—the film made last year that are having trouble finding box-office boxes. "OK, so we're having trouble," he shrugs. "Last year we saw major film distributors in America only bought 25 independently produced films, foreign and American." Héroux has spent the last couple of years specifying co-productions with European producers. Films such as *A nous deux* and *L'Homme et sa femme* (with Anne Bancroft), placed in the top 50 box-office draws in France last year and his *Montreal* fared well for a foreign film in the States. This fall semester, within a year of *Héroux's* forming his own production company, the company will do its first import—*Link*—an independent deal with 20th Century Fox. A Hollywood regular, Héroux will make three films for Fox, and Fox will distribute three other films it's chosen to make (see MacLean's July 14). Come to far high water, six new films will have box-office heroes in the U.S. assured.

Still, art will have to make its film in the current climate, and the climate is残酷. The Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC) is pulling in its horns this spring (it decided not to put more than \$250,000 into any one project, nor will it enter into any more than two projects with any one producer). The CFDC is also now insisting that either the director or the screenwriter, and at least one person in a leading role of films they back, must be Canadian. The corporation's high-profile executive director Michael McCabe resigned in early May, and veteran screenwriter André Lamy has replaced him. Lamy, though, is not putting the CFDC in dark-suited orbit; his extensive background in the Montreal film circle has worked in distribution for Montreal producer John Dawson and ex-founded Days With Us (now brother Pierre Hamel's) commercials, documentaries and features and attracting such young entrepreneurial talents as producer Guy and Claude Fournier, Denis and Claude Guérin and director Gilles Carle. Days began as a series of vanity production units. Lamy left Days to become the federal director film committee and chairman of the board of the CRT, and recently a spokesman of audiences relations with the CRT, less so when he was asked to serve on the board of a dozen.

Despite his familiarity with the Maritimes, however, Lamy's appointment is not considered an honor of note times. The Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists (ACTRA) has attention on a poster for his upcoming



Dennis Hopper in "Link" (left); David in "Betty Tracker" (right). David: "My job is to protect my master's son."



Scandals, Lancaster in "Atlantic City, U.S.A." (left); Dennis Hopper admits there's trouble.



Victims in "City on Fire" (left); Greenberg: "Producers are more cooperative."

ambition to see more Canadians in starring roles and letting down on stars granted to foreign stars. Also, the nation's securities commissions have moved to tighten regulations concerning the public financing of feature films. Their draft of it is massive. The investment policy was published in July and indicates that, in the future, a film's producer will have to provide more detail, especially concerning the way a producer plans films have performed for investors.

Over again, Héroux and Kenney will be offered too much. In the late '70s, Héroux produced and directed two of the biggest money-makers in the history of Québécois film. *Valise* and *Navigation* returned \$1.7 and \$1.5 million at costs of \$100,000 and \$100,000 respectively. Kenney produced the (dis-)perversely successful *La Guerre des étoiles* starring

Richard Dreyfuss before moving to Hollywood to produce *White Lies*, *From Lassie to Casablanca*, all basically successful ventures. Nonetheless, the tightening web of regulation makes Héroux, "It's an attempt to put an iron-grip on us, and it's little better," he explains. "The last time it happened to this number's [Kenney's]. All the farms [Lévesque, Goulet, Bourassa, Bilodeau—there died]. If you're going to upgrade, where is it going? We'll end up with all the Canadian producers chasing the 100-per-cent Canadian market, and in two years end up with a lot of closed movies."

Twenty minutes away from the subdivisions of Oshawa, another successful Montreal producer robes Héroux's erstwhile John Dawson, a lanky 38-year-old who looks like he'd be more comfortable on a golf course than in a

Moguls mastering the role

By Wayne Gossby

the festival, having already been well received in closed film-market screenings at Cannes. Producers Denis Héroux, Joseph Beaubien and John Keay will be accepting bodies for producing Oscar-Matty's *Montreal City U.S.A.* with Bert Lancaster, Sean Connery and Kate Nelligan, near Montreal producers have stayed active in distributing or smaller-scale production, keeping the cash flowing while the reserves are tied up in prime features. It's the perfect edge against the stamp of frustration production, something. Manufacturers are used to the few seen scenes and busts, notably in French-language production in the early '70s.

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trap shoot, claims that "nobody wants to gamble, and gambling is the lifeblood of the business." Dunning and his partner at NAL Productions, Andre Lusk know a little about gambling. Two years ago they and their investors put \$2 million into a film that Montreal director (and producer of *Angela's Ashes*) Ivan Reitman wanted to make, and watched in awe as *Mystabella* grossed over \$20 million in North America. And this is only one of three NAL films in the Canadian box office top 10, the others being *Rahab* and *Silence*, the first feature efforts of Canadian horror maestro David Cronenberg. "I think we've gambled on directors more than anyone else in Canada," says Dunning. "Twelve or 13 of our first 20 films were with first-time directors—Bill Frost, George Kaczander, Jean Beaudin."

Meanwhile, in an office just off St Denis Street, producer Pierre David is trying to take the gamble out of investing in films. David is blunt on one point: "My job is to protect my investors' investment." David's approach is simple: measure the investor, present a bankable movie, don't force your investors into an all-or-nothing gamble but let them have it. "It's not that spreading the risk also increases the return from us," he says. With Winnipeg partners Yvan Seznec and Claude Hétu (Beau's), brother, David further hedges the bet with sales to network and pay-TV, as soon as possible. Based on his extensive background in film distribution and marketing, Filmon makes movies aimed squarely at the marketplace. "I won't make a film if I can't see the advertising campaign," says David. "It has to have



Andre Lusk Founder of NAL Media

in the tradition of *Dreamland* during a young career trying to make it.

Another big believer in the corporate structure is Harold Greenberg, president of Astral Believe Pathé (ABP). A vigorous 50-year-old with a little balding and genuine enthusiasm for the business and its glitz, Greenberg came into the film financing and production business through the back door. When *\$100 Walkers* couldn't pay their preexisting bills at his Believe Pathé Laboratories, he helped structure deals that would ensure financing (and per-share bids) for the film, eventually film makers asked him to produce their projects. Now Astral Productions can make the film, Believe Pathé Labs will process it, Astral Pictures will distribute it and Astral Photo will handle the snapshots of the main party. With gross sales last year of \$80.2 million, and soon to be becoming a multi-major, a fully integrated film company, "I want ABP to be a studio," says Greenberg. "We want to make commercially viable films that world with entertainment value. And we don't want to make a film unless we have full creative freedom and distribution control."

Despite the fact that Greenberg has seven previous credits, executive producer of *White Heat*, he's still the Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane, a 1976 horror film, and *Cry on, Cry on*, a 1978 disaster epic with a cluster of Hollywood stars like Henry Fonda and Shirley MacLaine stranded about in sauna robes, that ABP took complete control of its



Geneviève Bujold and **Philippe Lestard** in *Silence*

140-day shooting (on location) will cost as much as \$12 million this year.

Granted, these problems plague English-language as well, but Québécois producers have been operating with one major disadvantage: the 100-per-cent tax relief clearly a benefit for English producers has been of little help to the French. Until last year, investors in Québécois productions had to wait until both the critic and the Institut Québécois du Cinéma (IQC) had received their full assessment factors, they saw a cut. Being unique in a language known in French language films—the markets are few—so both the critic and the IQC had to sit up aside and tell private investors (which they must) that the more investors there are, the less money they'll get. This has usually sparked a stampede-like frantic dash with Claude Léveillé and André Gagnon to get as many investors as possible.

But the legend remains: Québécois producers are selling a French-language film and releasing tasteless gags

on projects. City on Fire has been having one picture that critics of the Canadian film industry have used to fuel their argument: that Hollywood North is turning out nothing but bad. If movies like that have little or nothing to do with Canada. Thoroughly exasperated by critics, the film didn't exactly burn up any box-offices either. Greenberg agrees when asked if he liked it. "No," he admits. "I'd like to do better pictures. But three years ago [when ABP first looked at the project] we thought it would work. CAA thought so too, they paid \$20 million for the TV rights. You never know what's going to work in this business. You don't think *Sher-Ware* would?" Although ABP's other series for TV, *A Man Called Fortune* starring David Niven, has made done fairly well with critics, *Death Sky*, one of four ABP films shot last year, has been razzed by some right down there with *Cry on, Cry on*. Another of last year's production, *Terror Town*, was sold to the *Continentaal* Pic, which says ABP was learning how to marry marketability with production values.

With remarkable unanimity, these Montreal producers are concerned about the future of the Canadian film industry. All agree the boom is over. The debate is whether it will be followed by a full-blown bust, or a more settling-in. Says Guy Pomerleau, producer of *Foufouette*: "We'll bumble, as almost always, public financing. There's been a lot of short-term thinking and a lot of films have been made that won't make their money back." Ron Cohen, who co-produced *Rawhide* and the just-released *Middle Age Crimz* with former

MTL's *Goldfoot*, "It's done well. We can take it to Toronto and Vancouver. Finally, I believe there's the start of many a Raymond-English-language production art that much wider to find. We rely heavily on our culture to stimulate original桂地影。Montreal, Quebec, and the insights of Europeans. Our audience just isn't there yet. So selling our films for a long, slow market-by-market process which can take two years seems like years."

For the moment, there seems little hope of costs dropping or, short of a runaway hit, of an increase in revenue. The final result for most solipsistic francophone filmmakers, kind of, bringing their heads around is well of problems, may be to turn English and Claude Hétu and Pierre David, who have turned to producing largely, if not exclusively, in English. Even such Québécois heavyweights as directors Claude Jutra and Claude Léveillé are shooting in English. As 30-year-old producer Robert Milner says with a grin, "I'll shoot in French if it's a good film."

W.G.



Gladys Verna Austin Seven years old. Lives in a near-room shack. Grass roof. Dirt floor. Nights are cold. Only three bread-loaves available for family of seven. No improvement foreseeable.

Please salvage a little girl's life



is a child of the slums. Born into poverty, raised on poverty, she has little hope of escaping its grasp. Escape takes knowledge, training, education—all will, but all requires a family who must feed five hungry children each day. Poverty is stealing Gladys' chance to succeed, weaning her health, denying her knowledge, robbing hope to keep her resignation. But why should Gladys die? She would? You can give her the chance to succeed—through Foster Parents Plan.

By becoming a Foster Parent, you can salvage a little girl's life. Through a small monthly contribution you could soften the blow of poverty for a child, her family and community. Your help can provide better food, medical care, clothing, and housing. And best of all, your support can open the door to education, the key to every child's future. By the time you read this, Gladys will have a Foster Parent. Two thousand will not. Please—help save one child's life. It could change your own. Complete the coupon below, or call our toll-free number.

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I want to be a Foster Parent if I can	<input type="checkbox"/>	girl	age
country	or where the need is greatest		
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3rd & 10 Semi-Annually	3200.00 Annually		
I can become a Foster Parent right now, however I enclose my contribution of \$	Please send me more information		
Name			
Address			
City	Prov _____ Code _____		
I wish communication with PLAN to be in English	<input type="checkbox"/> French <input type="checkbox"/>		
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A game getting too tough to play

Last year's leap to megabucks film productions may have had its harmful effects on the English-language film community in Quebec. It appears to catch a smaller, infinitely more fragile industry. It may be the end of an era, says after producer Pierre Léveillé. "I think that's what I can say about the end of an era. I've always done [Portuguese—the man responsible for such Québécois classics as *Anouk et les loups* and *Le jeu des mille et une nuits*] as for me, I'm an immigrant. He makes the dream movie like the stockbroking costs of business in downtown. A恭adian who used to cost \$400 a week is now getting \$300 a week." Claude Godbout, produced *Frédéric Makonnen's Les bons débêches* for \$600,000, a production of similar scope

TV executive Robert Cooper, feels that public financing will still be available. "It's going to be easier for people with a track record, and they're the people out raising money." Even the optimists admit that bankers and brokers are asking more pointed questions than ever.

Investors new to the business have tended to look for what seem to be safe bets, films with American stars and done in a style that has been successful recently. Some money talkers, however, have found themselves making films it's hard to read the market's mood. More timid producers tend to look back on last year's explosions with enthusiasm and some glee, some pointing a finger at colleagues who had artfully released their *Vietnam* tend to blame the John Wayne bunch—the promoters, buyers and accountants who are thought to be more interested in making deals than films. "We're an easy target," admits lawyer-turned-producer Cohen. "But remember, some of the most successful films in the past three years were made by people not previously in the film business. *The Changeling* and *Silent Partner* were made by a lawyer, Garry Drabinsky. Our picture, *Brewing*, has broken even and will be in a profit position when we air it."

Lessons have been learned. "The



Gang in 'Hog Wild' (below). Claude Jutra's attempt to cash in on 'Montebello' market



Kenney Entwistle, Zeta Studios' director in 'Apprenticeship of Buddy Knobell', moved to Hollywood and produced 'Ice Castles'



make films so that Dec. 31 deadline and I'll never do that again," says Robert de Prez of Old Montreal's Lautus, referring to a civic ruling that principal photography must be completed by that date in order for film investors to receive the 100-per-cent tax writeoff for that year. "You end up doing it with whatever and whoever you can get. That's the wrong way around." Four-star went ahead with *Prestation* even though he wasn't happy with the screenplay and vowed, "I will never see that dog again."

In the end, have these lessons been

learned, the going rougher, away from Toronto, Hollywood on the Harbor? Producing films in Montreal has undeniable drawbacks: the pool of acting and writing talent for English-language films is largely based in Toronto, which is a drain on travel budgets; the regional studios are Toronto-based, leaving Montreal, on the whole, a lower profile; the industry grapevine is rooted in Toronto's Courtyard Cafe. "I hear more in two hours in the Courtyard than I do in two weeks in Montreal," gripes Luton. "That's okay," grins Greenberg. "While they're talking, we're getting

the work done." Still, according to producer Robert Mérand, there's a spirit to be found in the independent film community that informs the entire industry. "We work for the screenwriter," he explains. "Here, it's a concern of business, elsewhere, it's creative satisfaction." Greenberg is blunter. "Frankly, I think producers here get along better, are more congenial. They aren't capitalistic-a-holics. They were here before the tax writeoffs and they will be here afterwards."

Back in the splendor of the offices of JC, Denis Héroux echoes a sentiment in film-making in Montreal. "I think we combine 'professonal' in the English sense and 'savoir' in the French sense." Still, what counts is what shows up on the screen. The atmosphere may be different in the Montreal branch of the Canadian film industry, the roots may be deeper. But Montreal producers, like all Canadian film-makers, are under mounting pressure from critics and investors (not to mention the paying public) to put something up on the screen worth paying for. As Héroux puts it, "Cinema is like a cathedral. You have to deliver."

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